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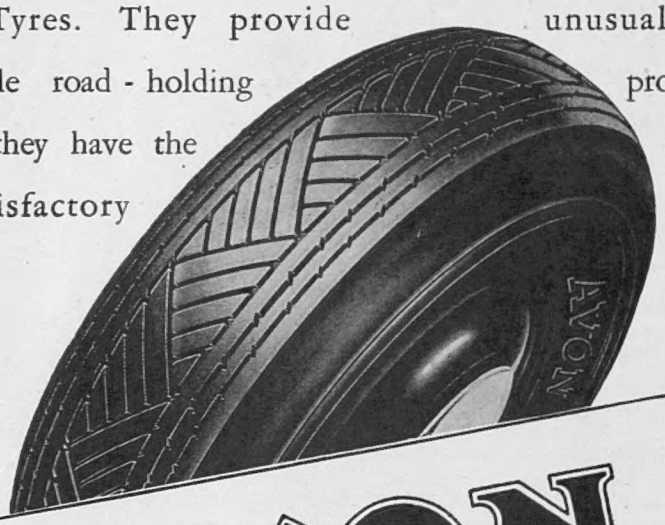

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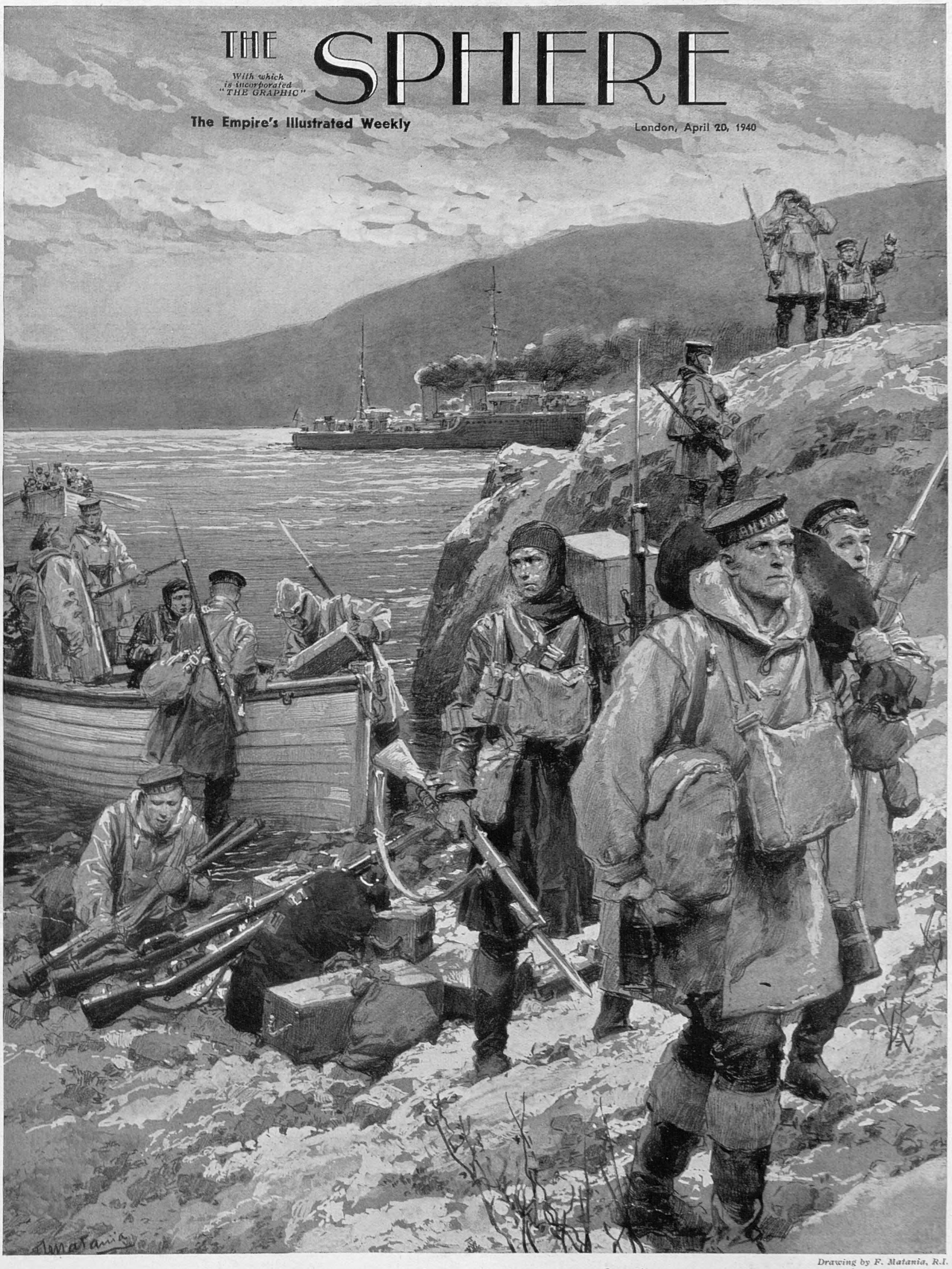

Drawing by F. Matania, R.I.

A NAVAL EPIC IN NARVIK FIORD

Men of H.M.S. "Hardy" Land from Their Grounded Ship, and Set Out "on a Little Military Expedition of their Own"

One of the most remarkable of the incidents arising from the series of naval actions in and around the Norwegian fiords has been the landing of the men of the destroyer *Hardy*, which took part in the first attack upon the German naval forces and supply ships at Narvik, the northerly iron ore port. When Captain Warburton-Lee's force attacked the big German destroyers his own flagship, the *Hardy*, was disabled and was run aground. Undeterred by the loss of their commander, a number of the surviving crew, probably forty or fifty in number, armed themselves with every available weapon, took to their boats, and landed on the shore of Ofoten Fiord, on which Narvik is situated. Eye-witnesses stated that the men had the appearance of "starting off on a military expedition of their own." It is not unlikely that these brave men will now be able to join up with the British Expeditionary Force just landed at Narvik

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. XXXIII

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

IN NARVIK FIORD.—

The first and the latest important "releases" of the *truth* of the great naval battle off (and for) Norway related to Narvik. Both called for reckless gallantry on the part of our Navy and Air Forces, both proved terribly expensive to Germany, which, in Hitler's mad adventure, has lost in Narvik alone ten destroyers and as many supply ships and transports. Narvik will be remembered, with Zeebrugge and the Plate, as epics in modern naval history. Once the *Warspite* was inside and shore batteries silenced, no doubt from her point of view it was just a slaughter of the Nazis. Poor sheep, rushed to destruction by a mad shepherd! Too vain to take account of his adversary's strength or his military advisers' warnings, too ignorant to read the lessons of history. Narvik alone might make the stones of Kiel to rise and mutiny; and Italy, a great country, brought by the domination of Hitler, not by its national will, to act once more the part of a monkey on a hurdy-gurdy chattering and cursing, Italy may *jump* again at the name of Narvik. And then those minefields. . . . One day perhaps we shall know how it was done, so quickly, so extensively. And, above all, how the seal was put on the work on the Baltic shores of Germany—to me an utterly impossible feat, considered with a map of the Skagerrak minefields before me. An epic which will never die. From these latest details, I turn back to a consideration of earlier phases in this tremendous battle, as one by one they were disclosed to us.

THE EVENTS OF APRIL 9–11.—

It is with pride and renewed confidence that we set on record the now known events of two or three days in April. Long before any idea of British designs to mine the territorial waters of Norway could have leaked out to Germany, the most complete plans for the invasion of Norway through Denmark had been completed and even put into execution. (Was not the American Minister again warning her nationals to leave Norway more than a week ago?) Transports loaded with troops were on their way and marines disguised as merchantmen were at sea, four days before the minefields were laid, with orders to gain possession by force of the chief western ports. On April 9 Denmark was completely occupied by a perfectly-timed military coup, motorised units entering from many points. Very good staff work, without a doubt, but staff work is much easier when the human reaction of your troops to resistance is not in question. I believe that I myself could plan (given the time which the Nazi High Command had) and execute the invasion of a territory which possessed good communications and offered no resistance of any kind. In the invasion of Norway, approach by sea to several points, Oslo, Bergen, Trondheim and Narvik, was necessary. Oslo Fiord was forced with some serious loss of warships and the capital occupied. Small detachments of troops in destroyers and seaplanes, and bodies of marines disguised as merchantmen in merchant vessels, seized the three western ports, and the British public, knowing far too little of the difficulties and conditions obtaining along the western seaboard of Norway, was left to speculate as to the reason why these transports reached their various goals unchallenged.

"THE MORNING AFTER."

—On the morning after the coup—how like Jutland!—the tricks (on paper) were all with the Germans and all unplayed trumps were in their hands. Our Admiralty—because of the necessity of wireless silence at sea—could tell us nothing and we sustained ourselves on vague rumours of Germany's losses at sea. With a suddenness and rapidity which we have come to expect only too well, the war "entered on a new phase." We asked ourselves, shall we now waste any valuable time in referring to recent treaties between

EVERYBODY WANTS THE LATEST WAR NEWS

This picture is an eloquent testimony to the stirring times we live in, now that the men of the Royal Navy have at last got something into which they can sink their teeth. As every bulletin or news budget is published over the radio, crowds of those pursuing their business in the streets gather at the open doors of shops and cafes to listen to more and more stirring events up in far Norwegian waters. This picture was taken in Fleet Street at lunch-time

the Nazis and their new victims—treaties of non-aggression—or speak of new proofs of Hitler's disregard of neutral rights, etc., etc.? Shall we expend more of our energies seeking to convince "the neutrals" (are there any left?) that the Nazis are dangerous and that it might be well to rally and co-operate in a common cause? We hoped not. We have sometimes dared to say that only *facts* count, sometimes ventured to suggest that propaganda and showmanship to win neutral opinion has not paid a dividend. Here were some *facts*; here was an object lesson in what comes of the neutrality of individual cowardice. Hitler's "dilemma" had for the moment resolved itself. He had elected to widen his front, he might elect to widen it further. He had invaded and cut off some of our food markets, he had gone nearer to the control of his vital supplies of iron ore. *But*, the more he has, the more vulnerable he becomes; the longer his lines of communication, the wider the area in and through which the British Navy may strike him. He has nearly attained to the Napoleonic high water mark, he is so much nearer the inexorable fate of Buonaparte. Without question the terrible issue is joined at last in full measure. Germany has now to engage the British Navy and the great armies and air forces of the Allies. Such or suchlike were our reflections on April 10, a day of intolerable uncertainty and anxiety.

THE TRUTH EMERGES.—

But by 8 o'clock on the 11th, how different were our feelings! Unworthy doubts were resolved, confidence in our Navy (which our Navy has given us, God knows, full cause to feel) was re-established and a surge of pride swept over Britain and France at the splendid achievements of the Allied Navies, among which the work done by the Norwegian warcraft and land batteries stood out splendidly. Much that we heard was rumour. The fog of war still hung with the smoke of gunfire over the never ending battle in the Kattegat, but we had good reason to hope that not only were the invaders being gradually isolated but that at least a quarter of the remaining German Fleet had been sent to the bottom or seriously crippled. Since the war began, we have been counting our successes by an aeroplane destroyed here, a merchantman captured there. In the last two days, the guns of Britain, France and Norway have sent to the bottom, four German cruisers, three destroyers, eight storeships and several transports beyond question, and (we are reasonably certain) more of each class besides, perhaps as many as thirty vital ships—and German aeroplanes have fallen like autumn leaves. The mad dog of Europe has already taken a crippling knock. The insanity of his desperate scheme in Scandinavia has been as quickly proved and brought home to him as has the lesson which British statesmen have constantly preached to the small neutrals neighbouring on Germany. In this brief and glorious page of our naval history, the initiative has been wrested from Hitler with a suddenness beyond the wildest hopes, swift retribution has been exacted, and Allied stock, brought low by the crimes and follies of propaganda, and by too much attention to showmanship, has soared. It is facts which tell, not words. How often shall we repeat it? We repeated it once more after hearing Mr. Churchill's clear résumé of the earlier phases of the great epic. How many of us, as we listened with pride and beating hearts, had two chief grounds for pride. Pride in our Navy and Air Force, pride in the restored dignity of our statesmanship. We contrasted Mr. Churchill's methods with Hitler's and Goebbels's. Not one word was said about the battle in the narrow seas round Denmark's northern coast, though already two days of continuous fighting had gone by; our losses were given pride of place; not a success claimed that could not be proved in a court of law; not a word wasted; not a boast, not a threat. His words treated of facts, calmly and with dignity. And it is facts which count in the victory of right over wrong.

WAITING FOR FACTS.—

Italy to-day is waiting for *facts* before deciding which way to jump. In the Brenner Pass Mussolini pledged his word to support Hitler's coup with bitter words in his controlled Press from the start (but we have our own opinion of the extent to which to-day Mussolini's vital decisions will be law in Italy). That campaign of renewed vilification of Britain may comfort Germany, it cannot move France or Britain. None knows better than the Duce that facts alone count. He is even now totting up his balance sheet as news creeps in from the Kattegat. We, too, are waiting for facts. Hour by hour, day by day, some new fact emerges from the throng of rumour and is added to our bouquet of truth and of glory which comforts us in this fearful test. The latest are very fresh in memory. Under the conditions of publication of a weekly Newsletter, I cannot, by sitting up all night, be up to date by two or three days. I can do no more than set the stage for the opening act of this decisive battle of the world which before this issue is published may have developed on yet another European front. While this act is "playing," all other interests are of an importance negligible rather than secondary. Yet, we at home have our parts to play also. We must say our pieces as usual.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE.—

How true it is, that hackneyed saying, how true of all things human, of every page of history, of love and war, life and death, cabbages and kings. The old nation at war conceives that no such problem and portent has ever before assailed a people or civilisation. And a problem it is, a vast and frightful puzzle and guessing match. But when it recedes at last into history, it is just like other wars, just one more familiar scar on the once fair face of human life. And, as it proceeds, it helps us better to understand past wars and ancient history. So to-day the present trend of warfare helps me to a better understanding of Drake and his merry men, or of Napoleon when he ate up Europe nation by nation. Drake, to Spain a devil incarnate, a thug and a pirate, did things unmentionable in the "language of diplomacy," in the dictionary of international conventions. Why did he do them? Not from sheer love of villainy. His Queen had far too strong a hold over his actions. What he did obtained an unwilling sanction from his Queen and her Government who fought for peace, only because there was no other way of countering the aggression of Spain and her disregard of humanity. So to-day the British Government is beginning to do things which, if this war were being conducted on both sides according to accepted standards of international convention, of humanity and regard for neutral rights, it would deplore, reject, and frown on. But there is no alternative. You may at the beginning of a war declare against interference with neutral rights, against gas and bacteriological warfare, against bombing open towns. But if your enemy persists and if neutral opinion refuses to play the umpire's part, your dilemma is inexorable. You must play the enemy's game or risk defeat and extinction. If there is any third way I do not know it. Memory is short, and convenience or necessity can make it shorter. But it cannot be so truncated that the world will forget who began the dirty work which has induced retaliation by methods which civilised Governments deplore. But I begin to wonder if there be any civilisation outside the Allies' camp. Fear is the destroyer of civilisation. We might just as well hold up our hands to Germany now as reject the horrid necessity of countering every new barbarity and giving blow for blow.

"TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US."—

A gem, sent me by the first correspondent I ever gained from journalism and from America (a fair incognita who still, after all these years, keeps writing to me on this and that), a gem, I say, in the form of a clipping from the *New York Times Magazine*, cries out for display:—"Reflection on recent events (Finland–Russia) compels the observer to wonder whether the lazy pacifism which led to Munich and to aggression is a malady peculiar to highly civilised peoples whose attachment to their possessions is not always accompanied by a determination to defend them." This from an American who prizes as his heirloom No. 1—liberty for all peoples! This from an American read to-day! My fair correspondent enclosed this and other gems with seventeen closely written sheets of bitter condemnation of Mr. Chamberlain. His great crime, in her eyes, was the treachery of Munich. "And he was supported in this treachery by the majority of the British voters who, sodden with lazy pacifism, believed that Hitler would keep his word . . ." Again: "In the Spanish Civil War Chamberlain became the symbol for hypocritic 'neutrality' when all the world knew that he was helping Franco, Mussolini and Hitler." "Oh, would some power the Giftie gi'e her (and others in the States) to see hersel' as others see her." "Lazy pacifism," "hypocritical neutrality." England and America to-day. THE OLD STAGER

THE MEN WHO DID IT ALL IN NORWAY

CAPTAIN B. A. W. WARBURTON-LEE, who commanded the destroyers which attacked the German flotilla in Narvik Fiord on April 10 and who died in H.M.S. *Hardy* after the brilliant action which was the prelude to the further action led by H.M.S. *Warspite*. Captain Warburton-Lee assumed command of the 2nd Destroyer Flotilla last July; and next month he would have completed thirty years' service in the Royal Navy. He was forty-five years of age. During the last war Captain Warburton-Lee took part, as a midshipman, in the destruction of the German cruiser *Konigsberg* in the Rufiji River in East Africa. He was promoted Captain in 1936

COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE HOME FLEET—ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES MORTON FORBES, K.C.B., D.S.O., IN CHARGE OF THE NAVAL OPERATIONS IN NORWAY

VICE-ADMIRAL W. J. WHITWORTH, who commanded the second attack on Narvik on April 13, is fifty-five years of age. During the last war he commanded various destroyers and was awarded the D.S.O. in 1918. From 1928–1931 he was in command of H.M.S. *Stuart* and the 2nd Destroyer Flotilla in the Mediterranean; later he was Captain of the Reserve Destroyer Flotilla; soon after he became Director of Physical Training and Sports and Head of the Naval Personnel Committee. In July last he hoisted his flag in H.M.S. *Hood* on becoming Rear-Admiral Commanding the Battle-Cruiser Squadron

H.M.S. "GURKHA" SURVIVORS—HEROES OF A FOUR-AND-A-HALF-HOURS ACTION—REACH HOME: On Tuesday, April 9, the Fleet was cruising in Norwegian waters about the level of Bergen when the cruiser *Aurora*, which was joining the Fleet, was subjected to five dive-bombing attacks; the destroyer *Gurkha*, which was accompanying her and to some extent escorting her was hard hit, listed very heavily and sank after four and a half hours. During that period the destroyer remained in action until the rising waters washed the gunners from the deck! The crew—or nearly all of them—were saved and brought back to England; *on the left above* some of the survivors are seen on arrival at a London terminus before being refitted; and *on the right* leaving the R.N. Barracks for fourteen days leave after having been refitted at H.M.S. *Drake*, a land establishment of the Royal Navy

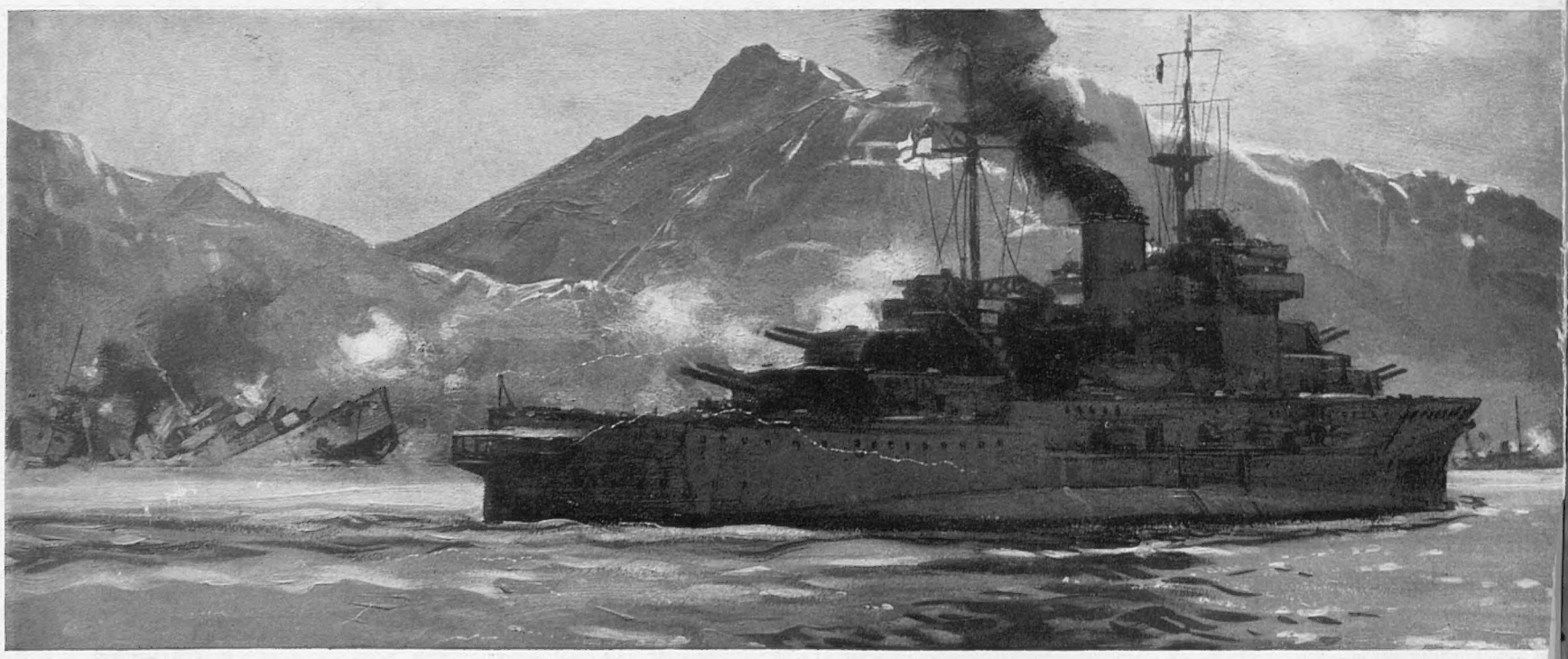
BACK FROM NORWAY AFTER THEIR EPIC STRUGGLE AT NARVIK—SURVIVORS OF H.M.S. "HARDY" LAND AT A NORTH-EAST SCOTTISH PORT: On the front page of this issue we reproduce a drawing by Mr. F. Matania depicting the heroism of the men of H.M.S. *Hardy* who landed in Narvik Fiord after their destroyer had been disabled and beached. Captain Warburton-Lee, the *Hardy's* Commander, was killed in action in the fiord, but a number of survivors who were unable to join the land expedition were picked up and brought back to a Scottish port. Many of the men had been wounded, but none seriously

WHEN THE BIG SHIPS FOUGHT OFF THE NORWEGIAN COAST

H.M. BATTLE-CRUISER "RENOWN" ENGAGES THE GERMAN BATTLESHIP "SCHARNHORST"

Drawn for "The Sphere" by Montague Dawson

A major incident occurred during the almost continuous naval actions of last week when the British battle-cruiser *Renown* (32,000 tons) met the German battleship *Scharnhorst* (26,000 tons) in very dirty weather off a rock-bound coast. It was somewhere in the latitude of Narvik at daybreak on Tuesday morning (April 9) that the German battleship was sighted; in her company was a cruiser of the Hipper class (10,000 tons). The *Renown* opened fire at 18,000 yards and after three minutes the enemy replied but almost immediately turned away. Hits on the forward superstructure of the *Scharnhorst* were observed. Her whole armament then stopped firing. Later, her after turret began to fire under local control. The speed which the *Scharnhorst* was maintaining was very great and the *Renown* had to



THE HUGE BATTLESHIP "WARSPITE" (36,000 TONS) PENETRATES THE ROCK-BOUND NARVIK FIORD TO PUNISH GERMAN DESTROYERS

Drawn for "The Sphere" by Montague Dawson

IN THE SECOND NAVA
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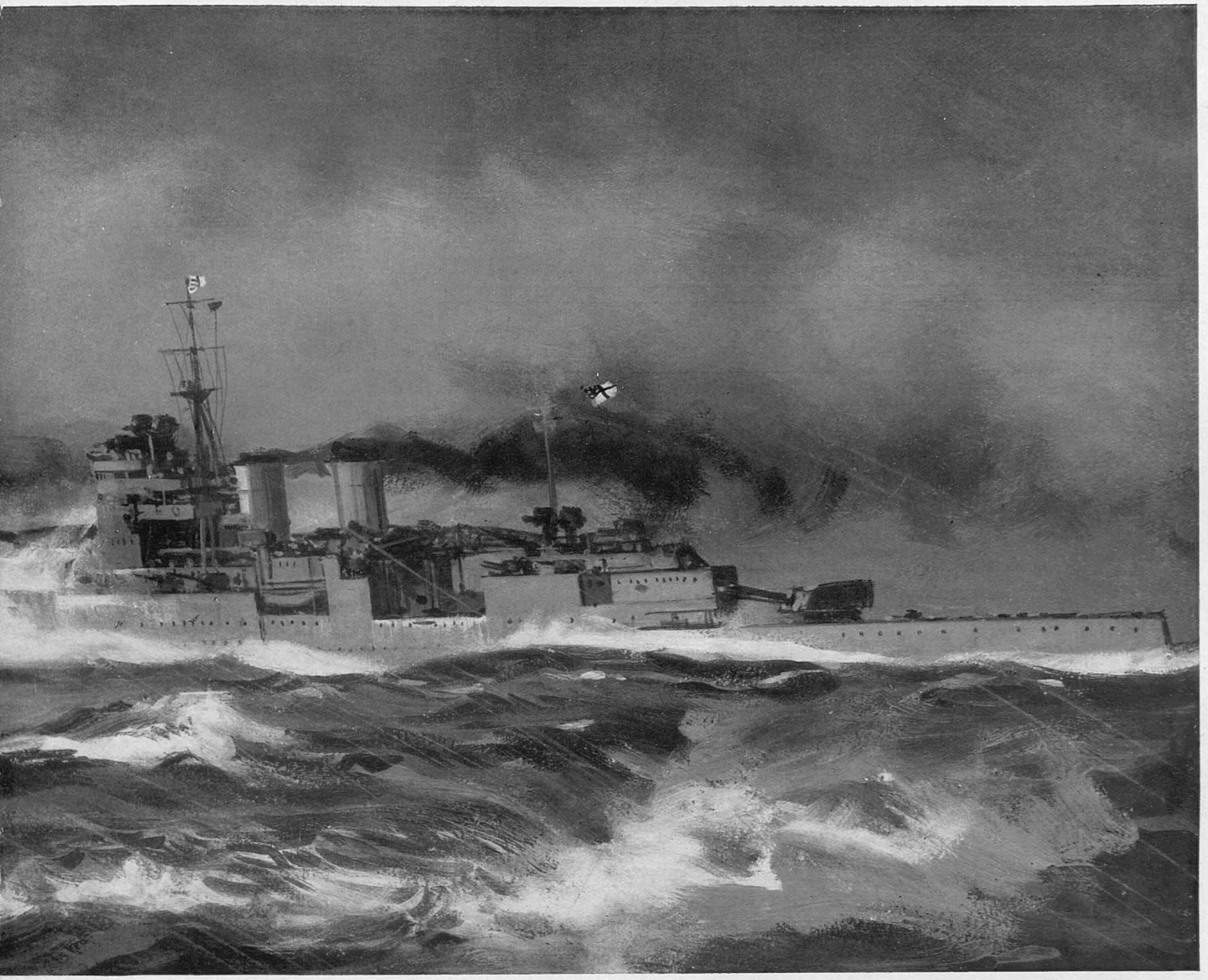
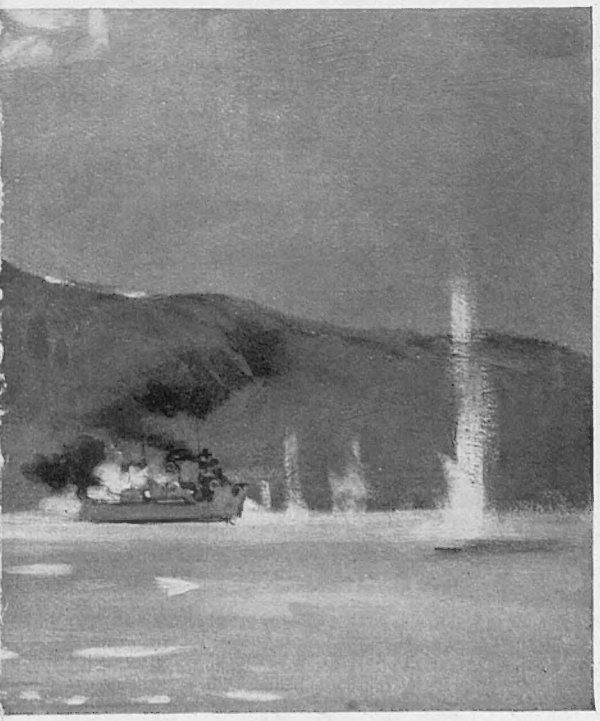
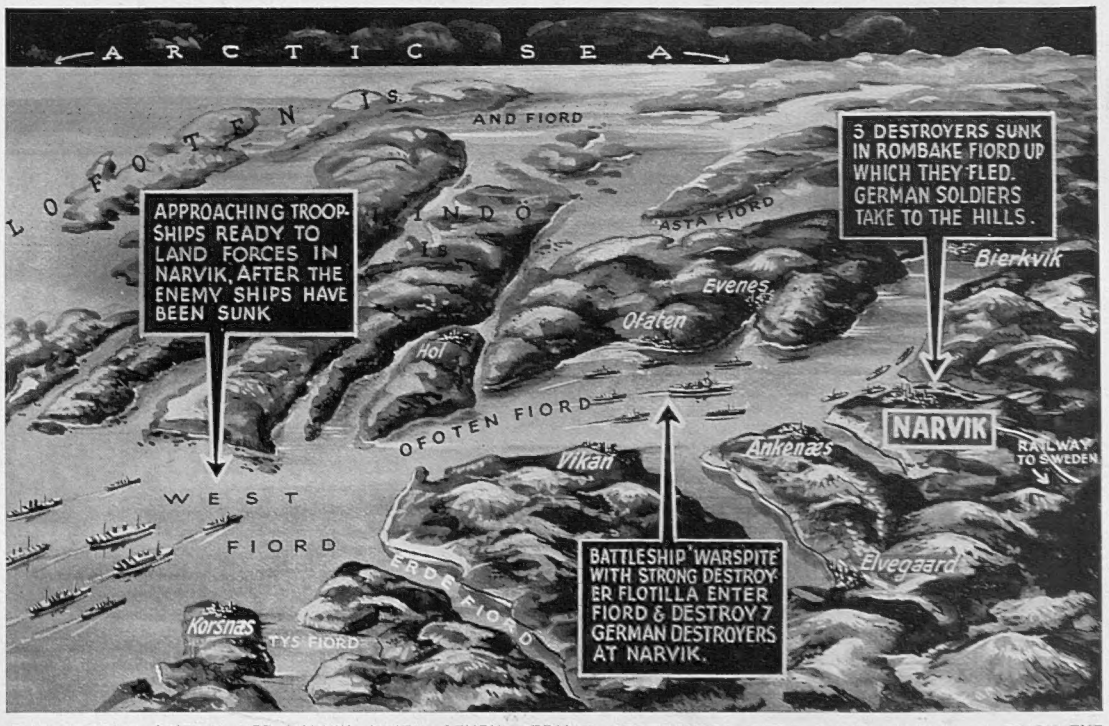


push up to 24 knots through heavy seas. After a further two minutes' firing a vertical column of smoke from a possible second hit was observed from the *Scharnhorst*, which turned directly away and retired at high speed without hampering herself by further firing. During this period a shell had passed through the *Renown* above the water-line without bursting. *Hipper* then threw a smoke screen across the *Scharnhorst* and covered her retreat. The *Renown* opened fire upon the *Hipper*, which turned away, both German ships now retreating at high speed, the *Hipper* firing broadsides from time to time. Snowstorms swept across the ships, and the seas ran very high, and in the end the German ships succeeded in leaving *Renown*, and firing ceased at 29,000 yards, when they became quite invisible

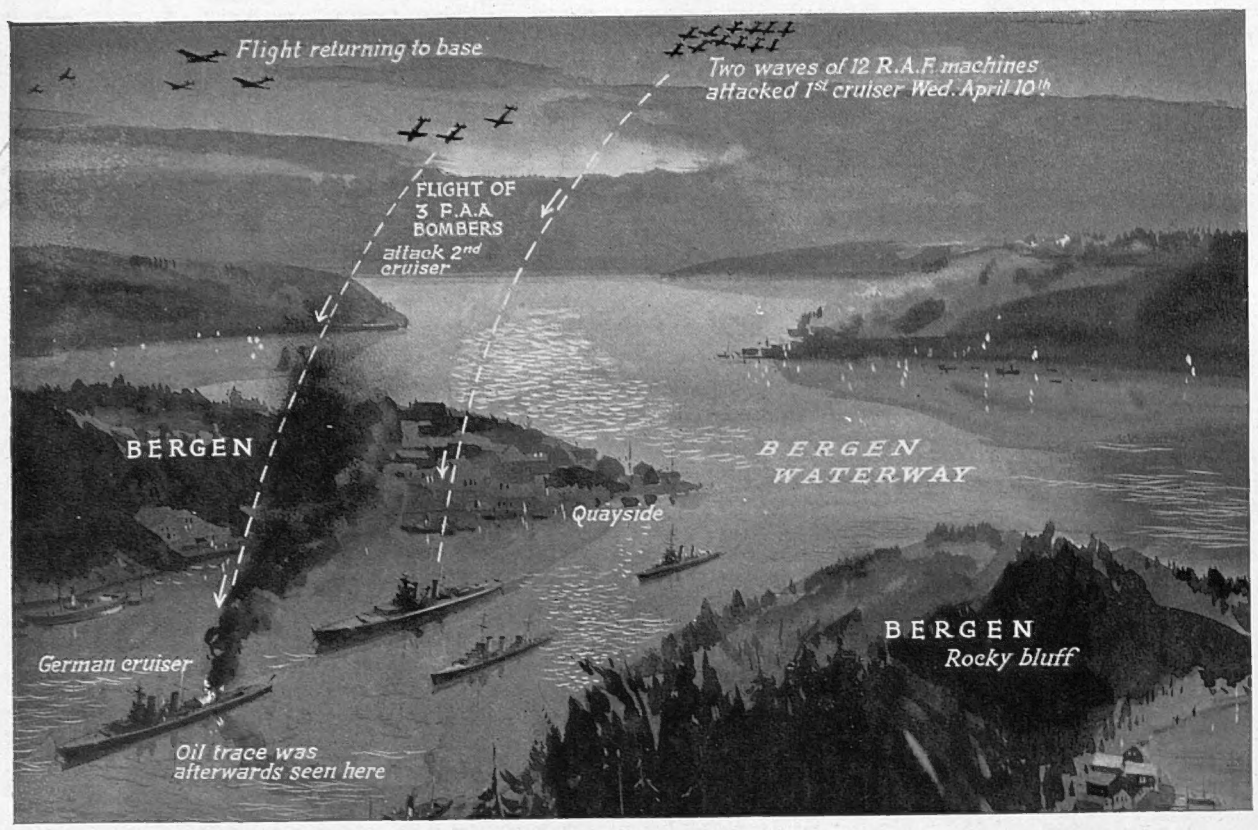


ACTION IN NARVIK WATERS THE GIANT "WARSPITE" LED DESTROYERS. THE WHOLE GERMAN NAVAL FORCE FOUND WELL AS THE THREE DESTROYERS WHICH MADE OFF TO WHEN THE BRITISH SHIPS APPEARED—WAS DEMOLISHED

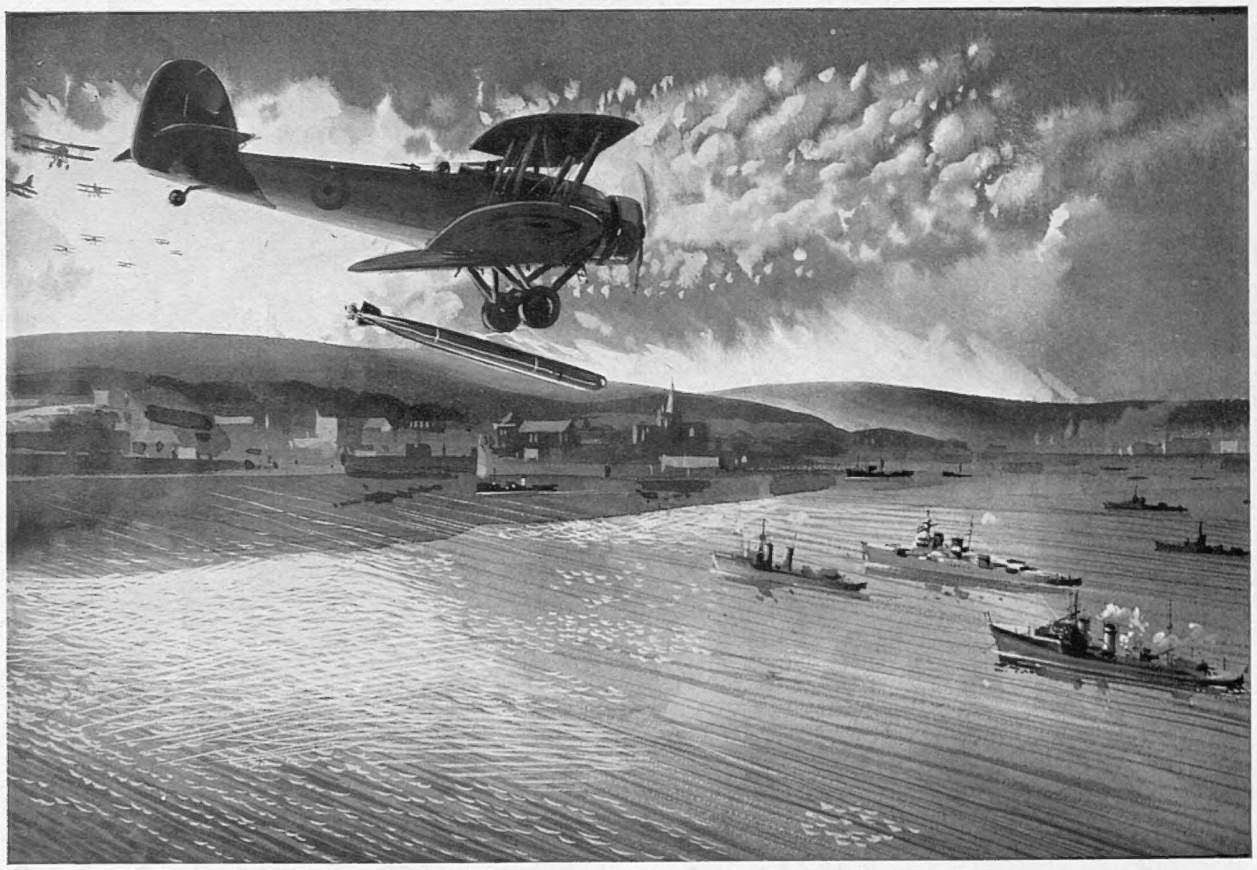


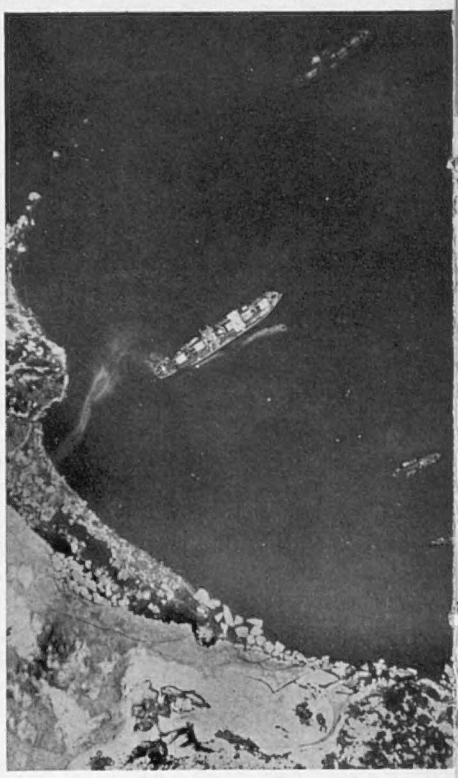
THE SECOND ACTION OFF NARVIK, WHEN SEVEN GERMAN DESTROYERS WERE SUNK, SHOWN IN BIRD'S-EYE PANORAMA. IT IS 60 MILES FROM THE WEST (OR VEST) FIORD TO NARVIK

The waters round Narvik, the port from which Swedish ore had been pouring down southwards to German armament works, were last week remarkable for two naval actions, which resulted in the total destruction of all German naval craft assembled there as part of the invasion of Norway. In the first action, five British destroyers steamed up the fiord and engaged six German destroyers of the latest and largest type, which were also supported by shore batteries and guns newly mounted ashore. H.M.S. *Hunter* was sunk and H.M.S. *Hardy* so severely injured that she had to run ashore. H.M.S. *Hotspur* also received serious damage and H.M.S. *Hostile* slight damage. The remaining destroyer, H.M.S. *Havoc*, was untouched. The enemy appeared in no condition to attempt pursuit. One 1,600-ton German destroyer was torpedoed and believed sunk. Three were left heavily hit and burning. Six merchant ships containing unloaded stores for the German expeditionary force were sunk in the action by our destroyers. The second action, which took place on Saturday, completed the destruction of the German forces. H.M.S. *Warspite* led a flotilla of destroyers up the Ofoten Fiord until they came within sight of the German destroyers, seven in number. Four appear to have been rapidly sunk where they lay: three others attempted a vain flight up the Rombake Fiord, a cul-de-sac, up which they were pursued and all three sunk



WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10—WAVES OF R.A.F. BOMBERS (AND LATER FLEET AIR ARM AIRCRAFT) ATTACKING THE ENEMY IN BERGEN ROADSTEAD. TWO CRUISERS AND TWO DESTROYERS LYING AT ANCHOR WERE THE TARGETS (*see map-diagram below*)



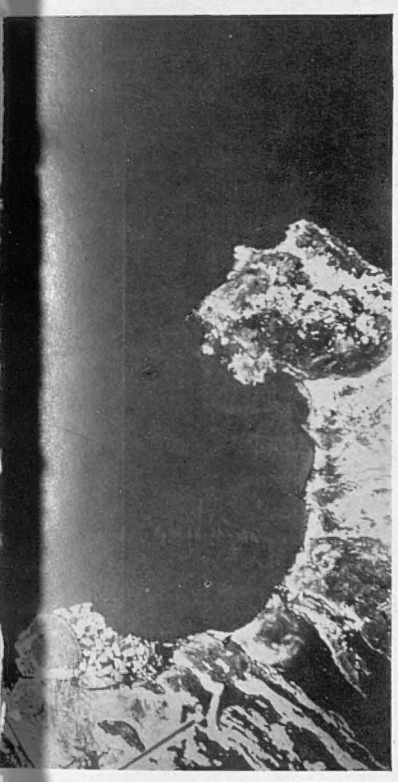


THURSDAY, APRIL 11—THE FLEET AIR ARM GO INTO ACTION AT TRONDHEIM; LAUNCHING THE AERIAL TORPEDO WHICH SANK ONE OF THE GERMAN DESTROYERS LYING AT ANCHOR IN TRONDHEIM FIORD (*see map-diagram below*)

THE AIR ATTACK ON TWO GERMAN CRUISERS IN BERGEN ROADSTEAD (*see also top drawing*): Describing the attack illustrated in the top drawing on this page, Mr. Winston Churchill said: "On Wednesday (April 10) a determined attack was made by the R.A.F. . . . Two waves of twelve machines each attacked two German cruisers sheltering in the Bergen Fiord. One of these light cruisers was hit, and nothing had been seen of her since. She might be lying at the bottom or hiding in some fiord. On Wednesday the Fleet Air Arm came on the scene for the first time in this war. The machines flew from the Orkneys and attacked the remaining German cruiser at Bergen. They attacked in successions of three, all making low-bombing dives and casting 500-lb. bombs. They secured three hits. Out of sixteen machines fifteen returned. When, a little later, reconnaissance aircraft were sent over, no cruiser was seen, but only a streak of oil a mile long, as if a result had been obtained"

THE AIR ATTACK ON THE GERMAN FLEET AT TRONDHEIM (*see also drawing above*): In Mr. Winston Churchill's statement in Parliament he described in vivid detail the aerial attack carried out by the Fleet Air Arm illustrated in the lower of the two drawings in the top left-hand. "To-day, Thursday (April 11)," he said, "at daybreak aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm, eighteen in number, have attacked the enemy ships in the harbour of Trondheim. We had hoped to catch a Hipper class cruiser which was reported to be there. She had, however, abandoned the place in the night, and all we got was a destroyer, which was hit by a torpedo. This attack by aerial torpedo is old. It was used once in the last war in the Dardanelles, and carries with it great hopes and possibilities never fully developed. But we must have more practice and experience in this novel, though not new, and unaccustomed weapon." The Fleet Air Arm, as our readers will recall from past issues of "The Sphere," is the latest branch of the Navy's fighting forces: it is doing great things already in this war—amongst others, it participated also in the air attack on the German Fleet at Bergen, also illustrated on this page

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE IN ACTION OVER THE GRIM SNOW-COVERED COAST OF NORWAY: This magnificent picture was taken by an aircraft of the Coastal Command from 9,000 ft. up at Christiansand in the south of Norway on April 10. It shows clearly the fate of a 10,000-ton German merchant vessel which is seen in the left background with white smoke streaming away to the right. Whilst unloading troops and stores off Brogdo Island this vessel was set on fire by British aircraft as the result of an aerial bombardment. In the foreground is the town of Christiansand with the island of Oddero adjacent. Near the island can be seen a large transport at anchor. In Haneviken Bay, south-west of the town (and in the centre of the picture), three other German transports can be seen. This picture, incidentally, gives a very good impression of the nature of the country in the southern portion of Norway—grim and rockbound, with snow still lying on the ground



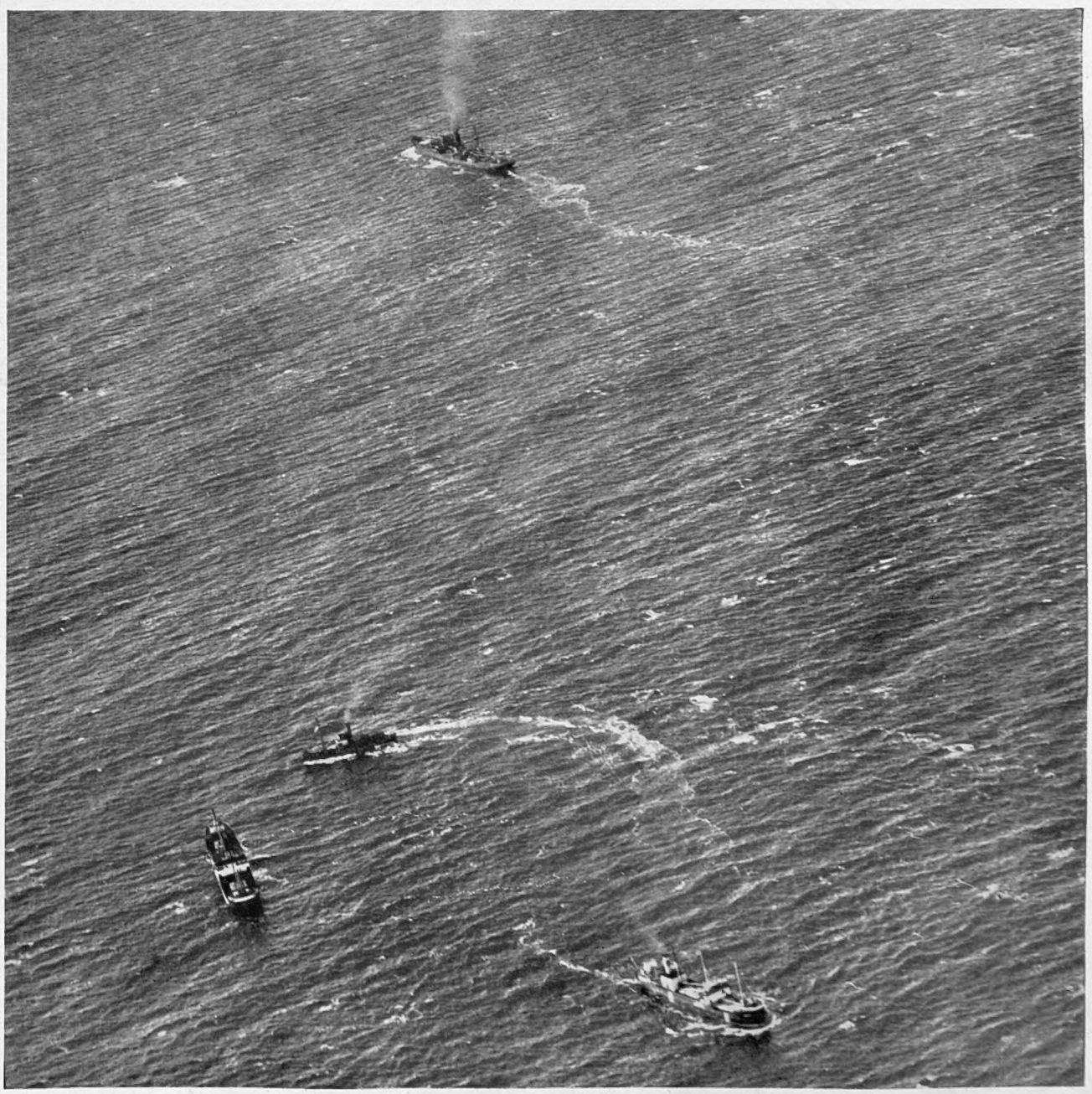
Above—NEAR CHRISTIANSAND: A large merchantman, with hatches open. A cross can be seen painted on the deck behind the bridge structure: this would suggest a deliberate attempt to represent to British airmen that this was a neutral vessel, not—as was evidently the case—a vessel carrying Nazi stores, etc. One other merchantman and two small vessels can also be seen. There are many ice-floes along the coast

THE AIR FORCE

take part in the

NORWEGIAN BATTLES

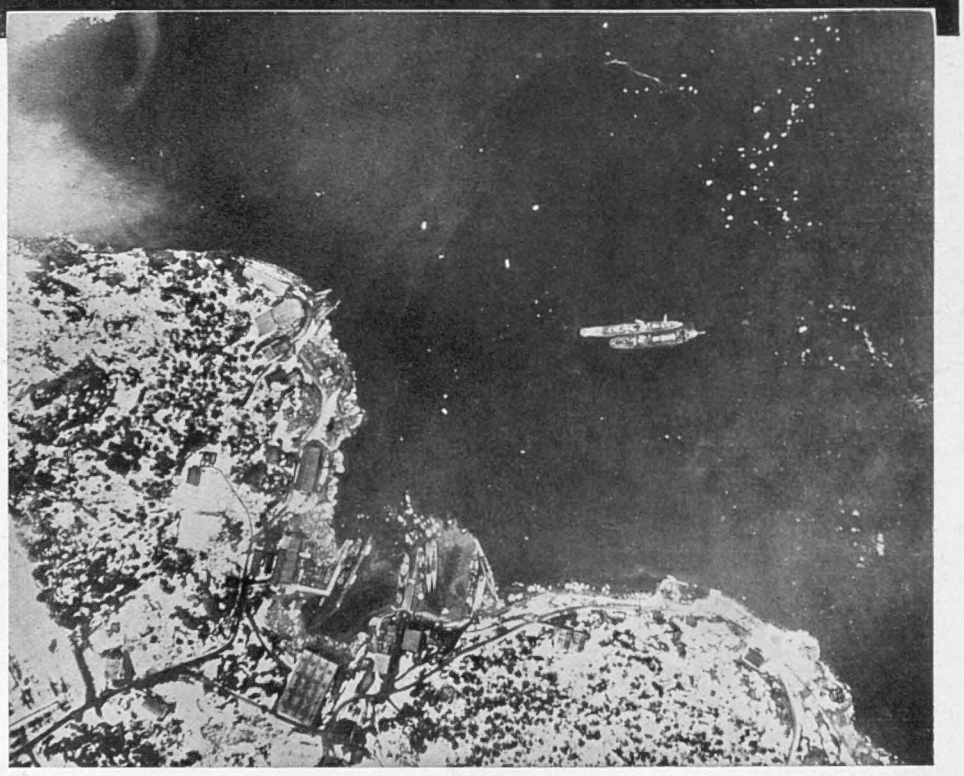
Special Sphere Drawings; and Official Photographs



On right—AIR FORCE AND NORWEGIAN NAVY CO-OPERATE: This picture was taken by a Royal Air Force aeroplane near Bergen on April 9. It shows a Norwegian gunboat rounding up suspect ships to establish their identity. The gunboat is the third vessel from the bottom of the picture

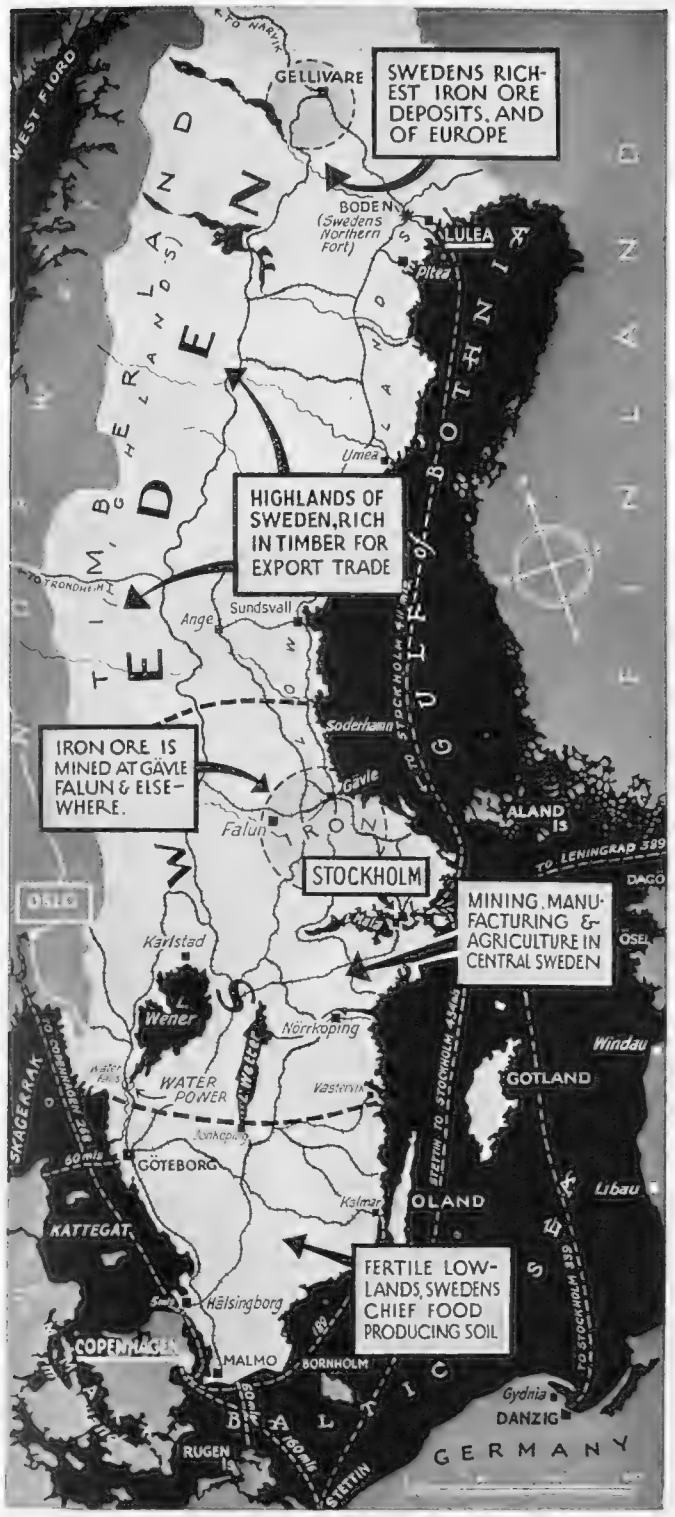
THE R.A.F. IN ACTION OVER THE NORWEGIAN COAST: A low altitude picture taken by the R.A.F. on April 10, showing four Heinkel H.E. 115 seaplanes moored off Bergen. This picture was actually taken during bombing operations; the large white shape at the top is a bomb actually dropping on its target

THE DEATH OF A DORNIER—35 SECONDS! This flying-boat was brought down in 35 seconds in the North Sea on April 11 by a Hudson reconnaissance aircraft of the Coastal Command. The pilot of the Hudson made only one attack; half an hour afterwards the Dornier was floating upside down and half submerged



KEEPING WATCH ON THE GERMAN MOVEMENTS TO THE SOUTH OF NORWAY: Still another picture taken on reconnaissance by the R.A.F. over territory occupied by the enemy. In this view a minesweeper is seen in the centre tied up to a three-masted ship; a number of auxiliary craft and merchantmen are sheltering in the harbour. Many ice-floes may be perceived in the sea

THE MEN WHO ARE DOING THE WORK: Two pictures of members of the R.A.F. Bomber Command who have been co-operating with British naval forces in attacking German warships off Bergen. These officers and men are the crews of Hampden bombers who have been heavily engaged since the hostilities in Norway began



SWEDEN'S THREE MAIN REGIONS are indicated on this map. At the south is the low ground, producing food; in the centre is the area rich also in mines and manufactories. To the north the third area is noted for extensive forests, providing a big timber trade, which has contributed largely to Sweden's revenues. The famous iron ore deposits are in the extreme north of the territory included in the map. The railways and sea-routes are also indicated

WILL SWEDEN BE THE NEXT?

The Upheaval in Scandinavia is Full of Menace for Her

THE SWEDISH ARMY, in a land of many lakes and rivers, is naturally practised in the use of boats for transport and landings

IF Sweden were swung round with its southernmost point as the pivot, it would stretch all the way across Europe to Naples. Whilst the length of the country from top to toe is no less than 980 miles—corresponding to the distance from Newcastle to Madrid—it is only just over 300 miles in breadth. This elongated area of 173,000 sq. miles is nearly as large as Germany, and is about half as big again as Great Britain and Ireland. Some ten per cent. of the surface, however, is covered by lakes and watercourses. The country falls into three principal parts: Götaland in the south, Svealand in the centre and Norrland in the north, the latter constituting sixty per cent. of the total area of the country, though containing only eighteen per cent. of the population. There is naturally a great diversity of climate.

The boundary between Sweden and her neighbour to the west, Norway, is demarcated by a mountain range and its spurs—a pretty effective military barrier on the whole—whereas in the north, the Torne-Muonio River constitutes the frontier between Sweden and Finland. There is only one road (and railway) leading into Sweden from this border and it is controlled most effectively by the great fortress of Boden, one of the most powerfully equipped defensive points in the world. Boden is also the junction for the lines of communication to Sweden's great iron mines at Kiruna and Gällivare. The remaining border is the coastline, nearly 5,000 miles in length, which is serrated to an extraordinary degree by innumerable bays and inlets.

It is difficult to imagine any effective invasion by land from the north, for it is a land of mighty forests which are punctuated by lonely summits and intersected by a network of lakes and river-courses, running more or less parallel to each other in the direction of the population and supplying 45 per cent. of the country's exports in normal times. This is one of the reasons why Sweden is so happy a country, for so many of the workers spend their time out of doors. The greater part of Sweden's iron ore comes from the northern deposits, but there are also valuable deposits at Bergslagen, north of Stockholm, which supply the best raw material in the world for the manufacture of iron and steel.

There are not in Sweden, as in most European countries, any strongly emphasised big industrial areas. Industrial undertakings are, on the contrary, pretty evenly distributed over southern and central Sweden. This has greatly benefited the worker who usually lives in a happy and healthy environment, free from overcrowding.

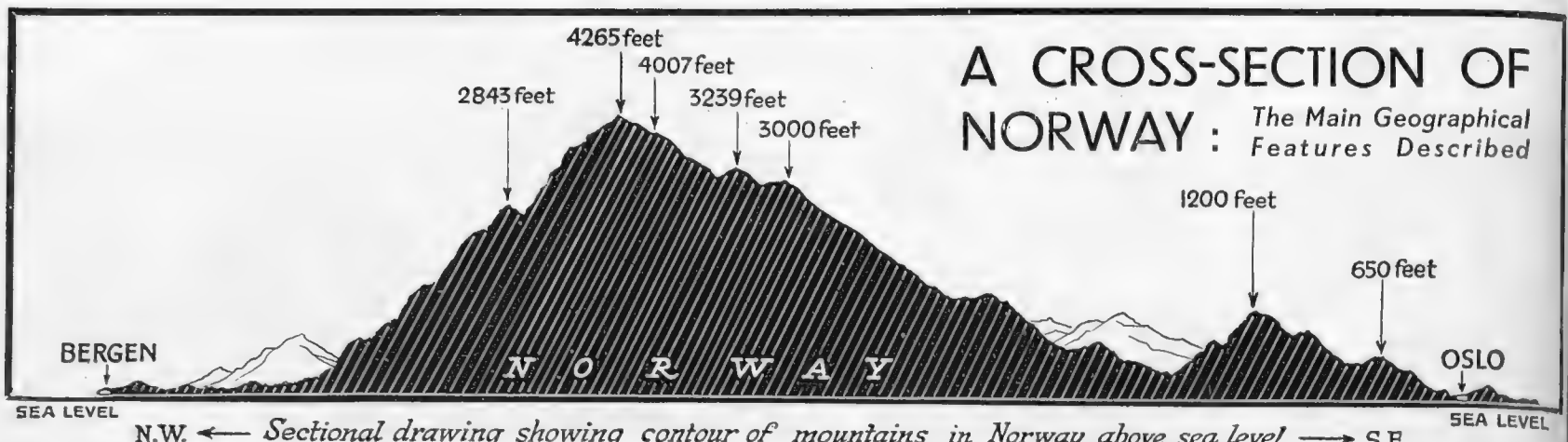
Arable land covers approximately 10 per cent. of the total area of the country, and 75 per cent. of this total lies in the southernmost province of Götaland. This is the only part of the country, in fact, where it would be possible to carry out war operations on any scale. The land here is rich, and it is largely owned by small peasant proprietors who farm with very modern methods and practise co-operation both in production and marketing to an astounding extent. Thus they have attained a high level both of efficiency and prosperity. And it is also the part which renders Sweden practically self-sufficient in foodstuffs. The chief protection against invasion of this area lies in the defences—for what they are worth—of the port of Malmö which is 20 miles distant from Copenhagen. Farther north the Swedish coast approaches much closer to that of Denmark.

Important in protecting Sweden from invasion by sea in the Baltic are the Aaland Islands which guard the Gulf of Bothnia, and the island of Gottland which practically protects the capital, Stockholm. Hostile possession of the Aaland Islands (at present in the hands of Finland) could effectively stop the transport by sea of iron ore from Lulea; while enemy capture of Gottland would provide a flying base from which bombers could reach Stockholm in the course of a few minutes. Since the disappearance for the moment of the traditional balance of power between Germany and Russia, which was the main factor in ensuring Sweden's independence, the latter country's whole outlook in the Baltic has changed for the worse.

Sweden's natural resources have obviously been the deciding factor in the development of the nation's economic life, but, to-day, industrial conditions also play an important part. Forest products are without question the most important factor in the economic life of the country, employing a quarter

THE GOTA CANAL which connects Göteborg with Stockholm is not only Europe's longest channel but cuts through the most beautiful parts of Sweden. Modern and comfortable little steamers regularly proceed from one city to the other and are much patronised by tourists. In parts the channel is only 25 ft. wide. No less than sixty-five locks have to be used in order to equalise the difference in the level which amounts altogether to about 270 ft.

ANCIENT DEFENCES OF SWEDEN abound in various parts. At Visby is the Narra Ringmuren, dating from the thirteenth century. These walls are built on the site of earlier ones. The towers vary from 40 to 65 ft. in height and on the land side these ancient ramparts stretch for a distance of 2,420 yards



A CROSS-SECTION OF NORWAY: *The Main Geographical Features Described*

N.W. ← Sectional drawing showing contour of mountains in Norway above sea level → S.E.

THIS CROSS-SECTION IS TYPICAL OF MANY OF THE PROFILES OF THE GREAT FIORDS OR INDENTATIONS OF THE COAST: The country into which Germany so recklessly plunged last week is one which offers many difficulties to an invader if the inhabitants are prepared to defend it. The cross-section at the head of this page shows at a glance the unusually mountainous character of the land. The mountain heights are not in themselves great. In the Keel mountains you reach heights of 6,000 ft. but the average is about 4,500 ft. It is the great extent of the mountainous territory which makes Norway exceptional as a country. The few rivers are short and turbulent. It is in the south and east that one discovers lower and more fertile districts. In the region of Oslo and its Fiord the conditions are distinctly less severe than the rest of the country (summer mean 63° 5'). The country is divided into Westland and Eastland, the mountainous heights extending all down the length of the Atlantic coast of Norway. It is some 70 miles wid

Piercing this Westland are innumerable deep inlets connecting with the Atlantic. High precipitous cliffs tower over the still waters and equally profound depths are found in nearly all the fiords. This prevents effective mining in war-time. The Eastland drops away to the Swedish frontier where a forest country of huge extent is to be found. This area supplied large quantities of wood pulp to the outer world

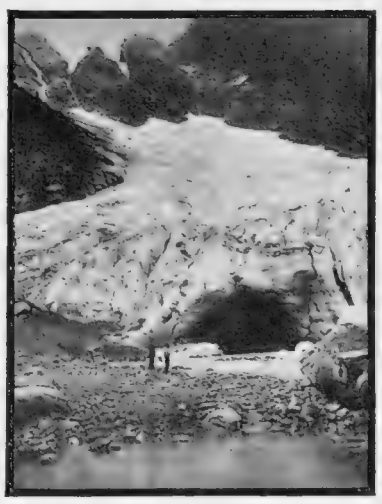
A TYPICAL DEEP NORWEGIAN FIORD—THE GEIRANGER: The steamer is proceeding over glassy waters which may be as deep as the surrounding cliffs are high. From the upper and less precipitous slopes come waterfalls, in many cases the fall being almost vertical. Granite, quartz and gneiss are predominant

THE SOGNE FIORD IS ONE OF THE LONGEST OF THE GREAT INLETS, the salt tidal waters extending into the country to a distance of no less than 106 miles. It is 4,020 ft. deep and has many ramifications. Within these huge fiords the largest ship can anchor; but, owing to the many convulsions, navigation in these waters must be a very precise art! This the German Navy will probably soon discover for themselves

THE STORMY WATERS OUTSIDE SOGNE FIORD become a calm mirror reflecting the precipitous cliffs with every detail. A these fiord waters are of surprising depth. The mean temperature of Sogne is somewhat surprisingly 60 deg

ROADS IN NORWAY TAKE MANY HAIRPIN TURNS: All through the country there are numerous engineered roads, looping their way from high level to low level. Here is an example of dizzy looping from Romsdal

THE FAMOUS HARDANGER FIORD, so popular with tourists all through the summer months, runs inland for 68 miles. It has a depth of 2,130 ft. The town of Hardanger is on its northern shore



NORWAY IS RICH IN MANY NATURAL PRODUCTS with factories and plant. Here is a view of the big nitrate works at Rjukan

SOME OF EUROPE'S GREATEST GLACIERS are to be found in Norway, and that shown here—Justedal—is one of the biggest

TRONDHEIM IS ANOTHER BIG INLET, wider in places than the Sogne Fiord. It is 80 miles long and has a depth of 1,800 ft. Last week Trondheim town was the subject of varying statements. Germany occupied it during the initial movement last week. It stands at the junction of three railways

THE SOFTER ASPECT: At certain places on the west coast there are small areas which exhibit characteristics of warmer climes. There are low swelling hills, as you see round Trondheim, once the capital city of Norway. It has always been an important entrance into the country

WHERE IT RAINS 300 DAYS A YEAR: This view taken at the harbour of Bergen shows the raindrops on the window. The temperature is so mild owing to the influence of the northern extension of the Gulf Stream. The eastward-bound railway from here may prove of military use

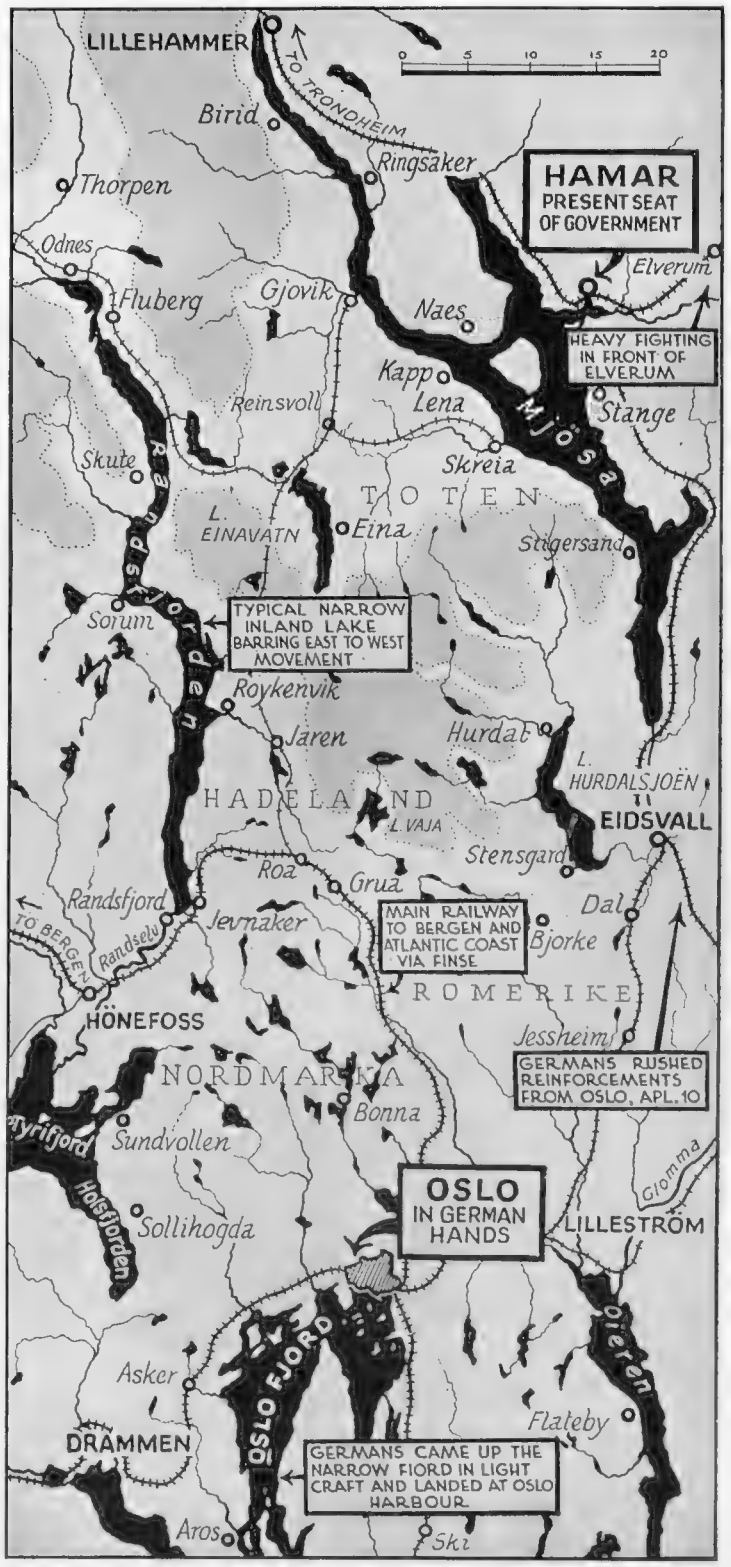
THE SOFTER SIDE: Among the rounded masses of granite hills there occurs sufficient low ground for the forming of a port as at Bergen. The towns are largely timber built and take on an almost doll's house character. The houses throughout the countryside of Norway are often gaily painted, a pleasant custom which enlivens an otherwise grey scene

NORWAY'S CAPITAL: At the Head of an 80-Mile Gulf and Backed by Innumerable Lakes

WOODED SLOPES ARE BROKEN BY BARE HEADLANDS on the way up the 80-mile gulf to Oslo harbour and city. The form of the inner portion is very irregular. Here on a bare rocky spit is a cable station on Oslo Fiord

THE VISITOR BY WATER TO OSLO first catches a glimpse of the city through two low converging headlands. From the harbour the city gradually climbs up to the Royal Palace, and thence to Slemdal and Holmenkollen, famous for ski-jumping

OSLO HARBOUR IN PEACE-TIME is a busy place, pleasing to the eye from its many quay-lined inlets. In the foreground are the chairs and tables of a cafe from which one can enjoy the active scene below one. All this scene can be witnessed from the wooded heights behind the town. On a clear winter night the sparkle of the lights between the pine trees is a vision not easily forgotten



OSLO AND NORWAY'S TEMPORARY CAPITAL AT HAMAR: When Germany began her dash upon Norway, the Government moved northwards some 80 miles to Hamar. German troops set out in pursuit by road, presumably following the northward line by way of Eidsvall. Hamar being threatened, a move was made by the Government to Elverum. The whole of the country shown in the map is seamed with long narrow lakes running north and south

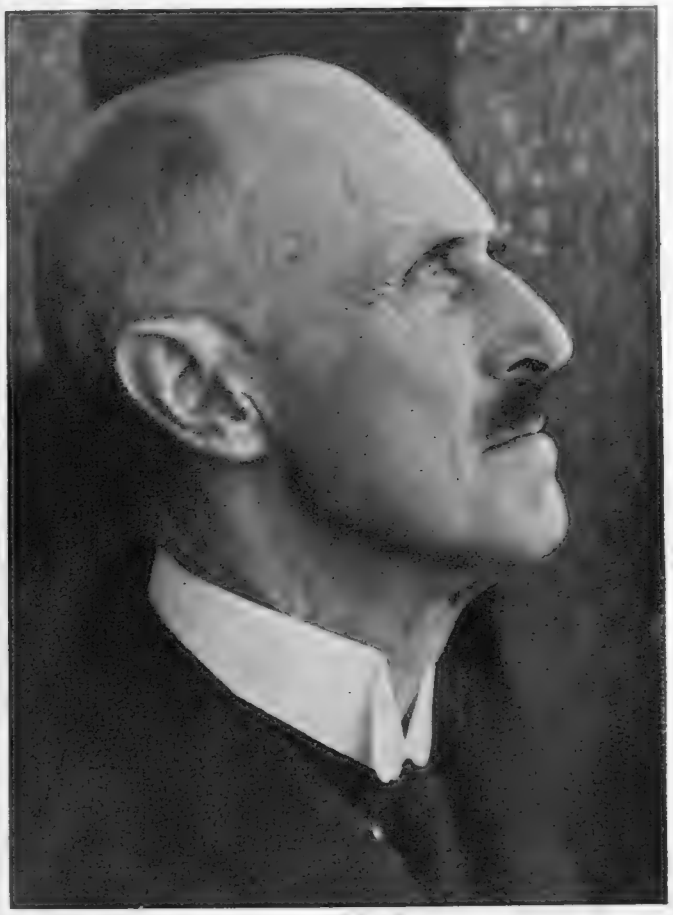
THE FUTURE OF NORWAY'S SHIPPING will be watched with keen interest. Many of her vessels were out on their regular routes, so escaped capture by the predatory craft of the German fleet. In the forefront of this view of Oslo Harbour is the *Oslofjord*, flagship of the Norwegian-American Line, a handsome craft. In the background is seen the new Town Hall of Oslo with its twin towers

The NAVY'S LEADERS

And the Three Principal Leaders of Norway

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY—THE RT. HON. WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER CHURCHILL, P.C., C.H., who has been a prominent figure since his first election to Parliament in 1900. During the last war he also held high office—First Lord from 1911–15; Minister of Munitions 1917; War Secretary and Secretary for Air, 1918–1921. During the years 1924–29 he was Chancellor of the Exchequer

THE NORWEGIAN PRIME MINISTER, JOHANN NYGAARDSVOLD; AND THE NORWEGIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, DR. H. KOHT: leaders of an invaded but unbeaten country



KING OF AN INVADED COUNTRY: King Haakon VII of Norway, whose country has been so cruelly outraged by the Germans, is now 67 years of age. He has many ties with Britain: he was married here—at Buckingham Palace—to Princess Maud in 1896; he is an Honorary Admiral in the British Navy and Honorary Colonel of a British regiment, the Suffolk and Norfolk Yeomanry

THE "OCEAN SWELL" RETURNS.—VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GEOFFREY BLAKE, who before his retirement in 1938 was recognised as one of the best "brains" of the Navy, is to serve as an additional Chief of the Naval Staff. His appointment is regarded as a sign indicative of the increasing pressure being brought by the Navy against the enemy. His nickname arises from his immaculate appearance at sea even in the roughest weather!

IN CHARGE OF BRITISH NAVAL STRATEGY.—ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR DUDLEY POUND has been First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff since 1939. He has had a distinguished career in the Navy: after commanding H.M.S. *Colossus* at Jutland in 1916, he became Director of the Plans Division at the Admiralty in 1922; Chief of Staff to Sir Roger Keyes in the Mediterranean in 1925; Assistant Chief of Staff in 1927; Second Sea Lord in 1932; and Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean in 1938

FIGHTING IN THE

In Aerial Combat To-day the Clouds Are The New Fighting Technique Illustrated

IN the early days of aviation successful flights were largely due to favourable weather. Pilots had still to learn by experience how to circumvent perils of wind and cloud besetting their frail machines, and there was no meteorological service to give them accurate reports on weather conditions on their routes.

"Flying through thick clouds is the most fearsome business I can ever imagine," wrote a war airman in 1916. "After a little while one loses all sense of equilibrium; one's judgment is only reliable when the eye can hold fast to some fixed point that creates a sense of balance."

If the pioneer airman remained long in a cloud-bank, he might find himself unable to tell whether his head was pointing skywards or earthwards. The instruments designed to help him to this knowledge were imperfect and often functioned inaccurately at critical moments. Often enough he had to admit himself completely lost in a thick grey mass of clouds. Moisture condensed on the glass of his goggles and instruments, and the cold, clammy air began to affect his engine, which threatened to go on strike. In vain he would peer up and down for a guiding glimpse of earth or sky.

"The weather during the past two months has been the worst for nearly half a century. . . . Visibility has been so bad that to find a Convoy has been a feat in itself."—Official

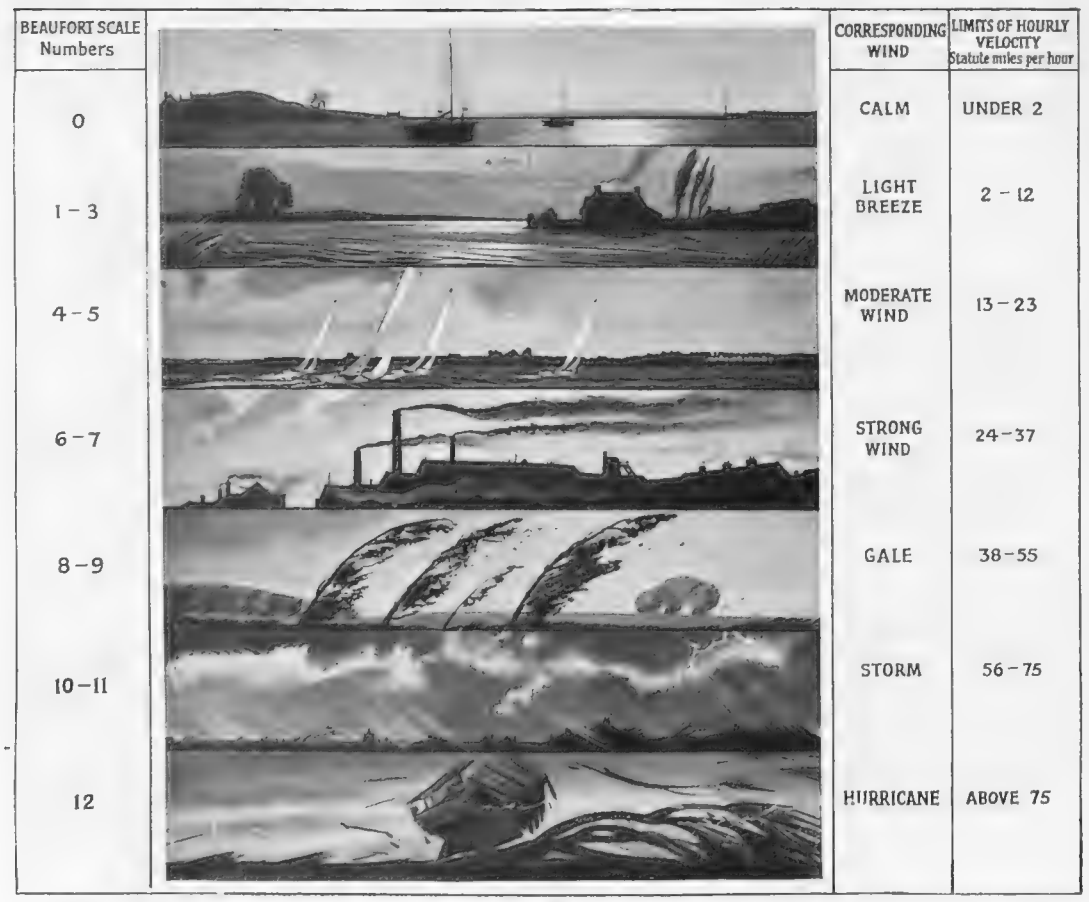
If he tried to climb above the gloom, he might find he had blundered into a cloud tower extending high above his machine's ceiling. But even if he reached the clear blue sky above, he might find himself flying over an interminable cloud layer. Sooner or later he would have to descend through the clouds, with no means of knowing the depth to which they hung down or the nature of the ground beneath them, and in such cases a forced landing generally meant a crash, which might or might not be fatal.

The progress in meteorological science and aircraft construction during the last twenty years has given the pilot of modern aircraft a number of resources undreamt of by his pioneer predecessors. The board in his comfortable enclosed cabin contains a host of reliable instruments to tell him everything he wants to know about the behaviour of his machine and engines. Wireless keeps him in constant touch with home, while a weather report tells him what sort of conditions lie ahead of him. Having been trained in blind flying, he can pass safely through the longest cloudbank by means of his special instruments.

The commercial plane working to a time schedule must fly as low as is consistent with safety, for shareholders would soon grumble at a waste of petrol involved in climbs to unnecessary heights, and for the same reason it must not deviate from its route in search of better weather, except in cases of emergency. Consequently, passengers travelling on days when the sky is moderately overcast may enjoy a close view of many fascinating cloud formations, varied, of course, with occasional plunges into grey masses.

Clouds are produced by the condensation of aqueous vapour. When warm air saturated with moisture rises into colder regions on an up-current and reaches a height with the necessary temperature for precipitation, cloud formation begins. The cloud builds up above its base until all moisture is absorbed, but dissolves when a down-draught forces it into warmer air where the moisture expands and becomes invisible. But all cloud material is in a continual process of evolution or dissolution, as the aerial passenger may observe for himself.

He can obtain magnificent views of cumulus and cumulo-nimbus clouds when flying at a comparatively low height. The former are thick masses with horizontal bases and dome-shaped summits embellished with protuberances. When the cloud is opposite the sun, its surfaces appear brighter than these protuberances; if the illumination comes from the side, they exhibit strong contrasts of light and shade. When silhouetted against the sun, they appear dark, with bright edges.

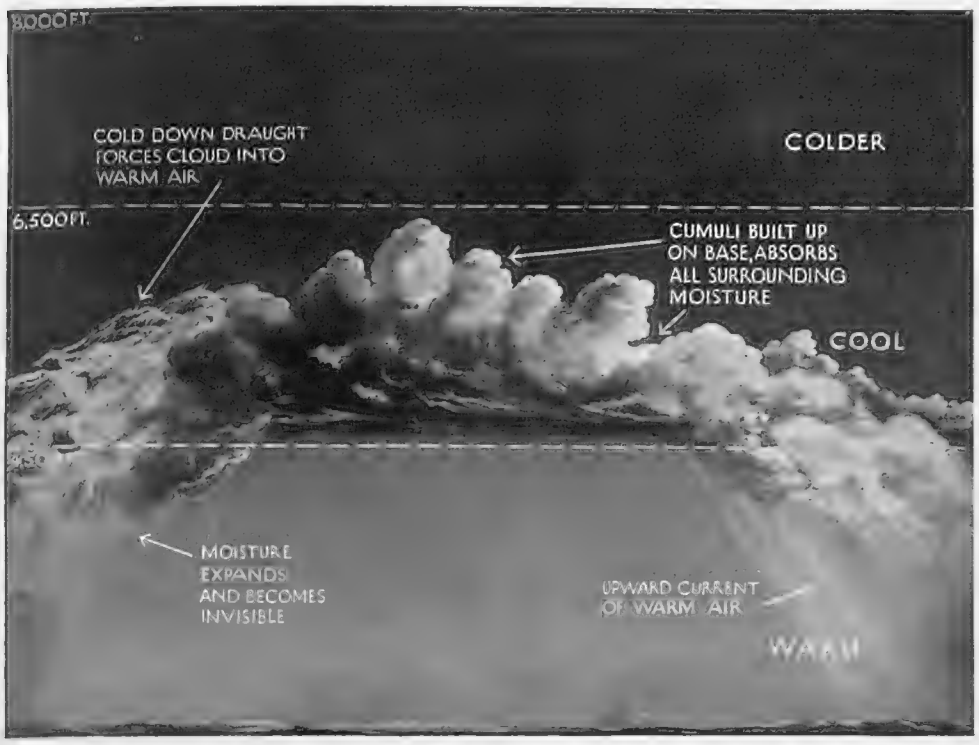


THE BEAUFORT WIND SCALE SHOWN PICTORIALLY: In 1806, Sir Francis Beaufort set out to indicate the strength of the wind from a calm, force 0, to a hurricane, force 12, "that which no canvas could withstand." Beaufort's Scale was adopted in 1874 by the International Meteorological Committee for use in weather telegraphy. The Beaufort Scale as originally drawn up made no reference to the velocity of the wind, and various attempts, during the present century, have been made to correlate the two. One such correlation, determined in 1906 by the Meteorological Office, has been pictured above. An attempt to systematise the scales led to a request to Dr. Simpson in 1921 for a definite scale. His conclusions published in 1926 suggest *inter alia* that there is no unique relationship between wind velocity as recorded by anemometers and estimates made on the Beaufort Scale, which, nevertheless, remains a useful method of describing "dirty weather"

CLOUDS

Used As Cover—and Discussed

With Special Combat Drawings, Diagram-Photographs, and Descriptive Articles



HOW CLOUD IS FORMED: When a warm upward current from a layer of air adjacent to the earth's surface rises into a band of cooler air, say at 4,500 ft., the current of air is condensed and forms visible cloud. In the case here shown, cumulus with a level base at 4,500 ft. is shown in formation, while to the left of the diagram a down current from above is forcing cloud forms into the lower warmer area. The particles of cloud moisture expand and become invisible. Clouds are like Falstaff, in a state of "dissolution and thaw"; they are either being formed or are dissolving

CUMULO-NIMBUS IS MET WITH AT 4,500 FT.: These massive forms often tower up far above their usual base lines. They are among the most striking forms of cloud to be seen. Here three R.A.F. machines are seen rolling past these woolly wonders in inverted flight

Cumulus clouds are generally found at about 4,500 ft., with summits reaching to 6,000 ft., but the cumulo-nimbus with a base at 4,500 ft., may extend as high as 26,000 ft. These are the clouds which resemble huge towers or mountains and are perhaps the most beautiful of all formations. But they generally produce rain or snow, with occasional hail, and are frequent causes of thunderstorms. At about 6,000 ft. we may encounter the stratus, which is a uniform layer, somewhat resembling a fog belt, the dark grey nimbo-stratus which gives precipitation in the form of continuous rain or snow, and the soft grey patches of strato-cumulus.

But only passengers in machines flying over mountainous country will be carried into the regions of the alto-cumulus and alto-stratus (10,000–25,000 ft.). The former are globular masses which form layers or patches with semi-transparent, irridescent edges, while the latter may be compared to striped blue-grey veils, through which the sun or moon may be seen shining with a pale light.

The highest clouds of all are found at about 30,000 ft. These are the delicate silky-white cirrus, which may be observed in tuft, plume or line formations and the thin milky veils of the cirro-stratus. The cirro-cumulus, found in layers or patches of small white flakes, is a rarity in cloud formations which may also be viewed at this level. War airmen may see these clouds of the highest groups, for aerial battles have already taken place at great altitudes. But much action has occurred at low heights, as for instance when fighter patrols intercept raiders which have dropped down to bomb or machine-gun our trawlers.

In 1914–18, bad weather washed out all flying, but in the present war, clouds and rain can be good friends to the raider, whom they may enable to reach his objective unobserved. Judging by the weather on many days when raids have occurred, the German pilot bound for our coasts seems to prefer a patchy sky with enough clouds for a game of hide and seek and yet some clear spaces where he can get a view of suitable targets for his bombs.

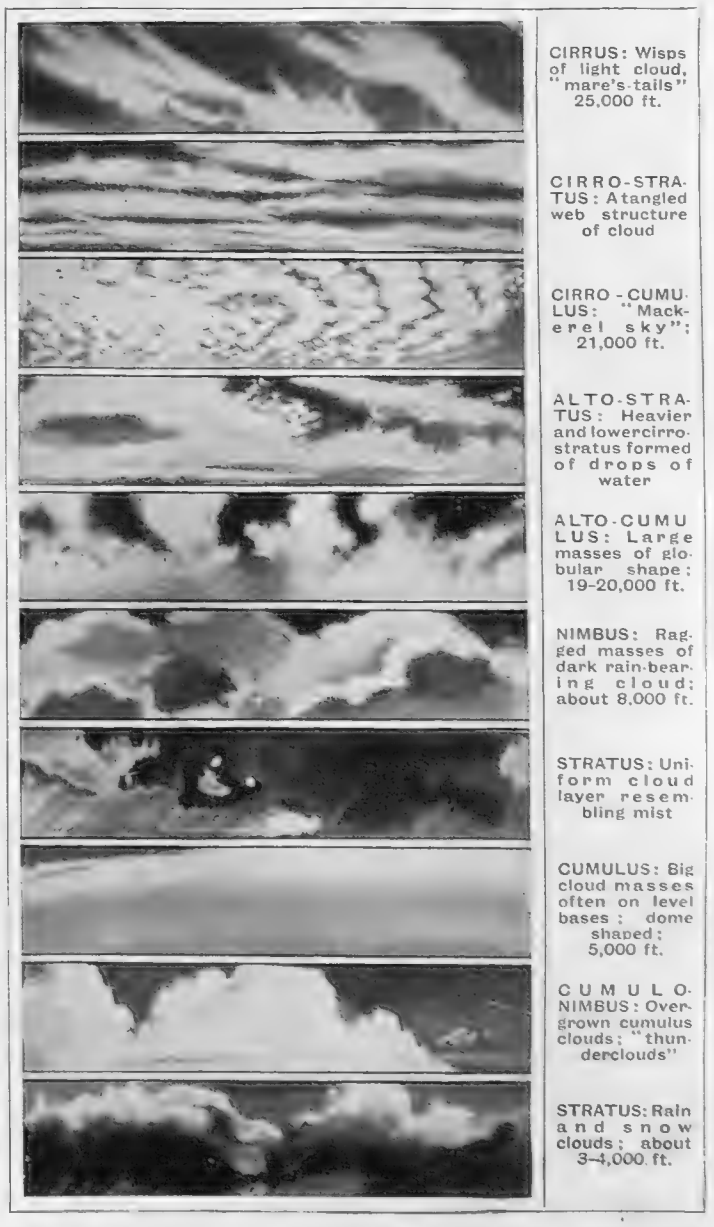
Uninitiated readers of air raid accounts may sometimes wonder why our Hurricanes and Spitfires often fail to destroy the slower Heinkels after exchanging shots with them. But if the raiding pilot can reach a large cloud mass before receiving too much punishment, his chances of a safe return are nearly 100 per cent. Thanks to his training and instruments, cloud flying holds no terrors for him, while his pursuers are as likely to locate him again as to discover the needle in the proverbial haystack.

The airman of to-day wants to know a lot about the direction and force of winds he may encounter, and in all parts of the world meteorological stations make observations for his benefit. The observers must take account of both the direction and speed of the wind, for one without the other would be useless. It is impossible to enumerate all the factors they have to consider in order to give a true estimate, but the effect of the rotation of the earth on its axis is one of supreme importance. From time immemorial, sailors have been forced by their profession to become experts in the estimation of wind force. It is therefore not surprising to find that the scale on which modern observers calculate wind velocity was drawn up by a sailor.

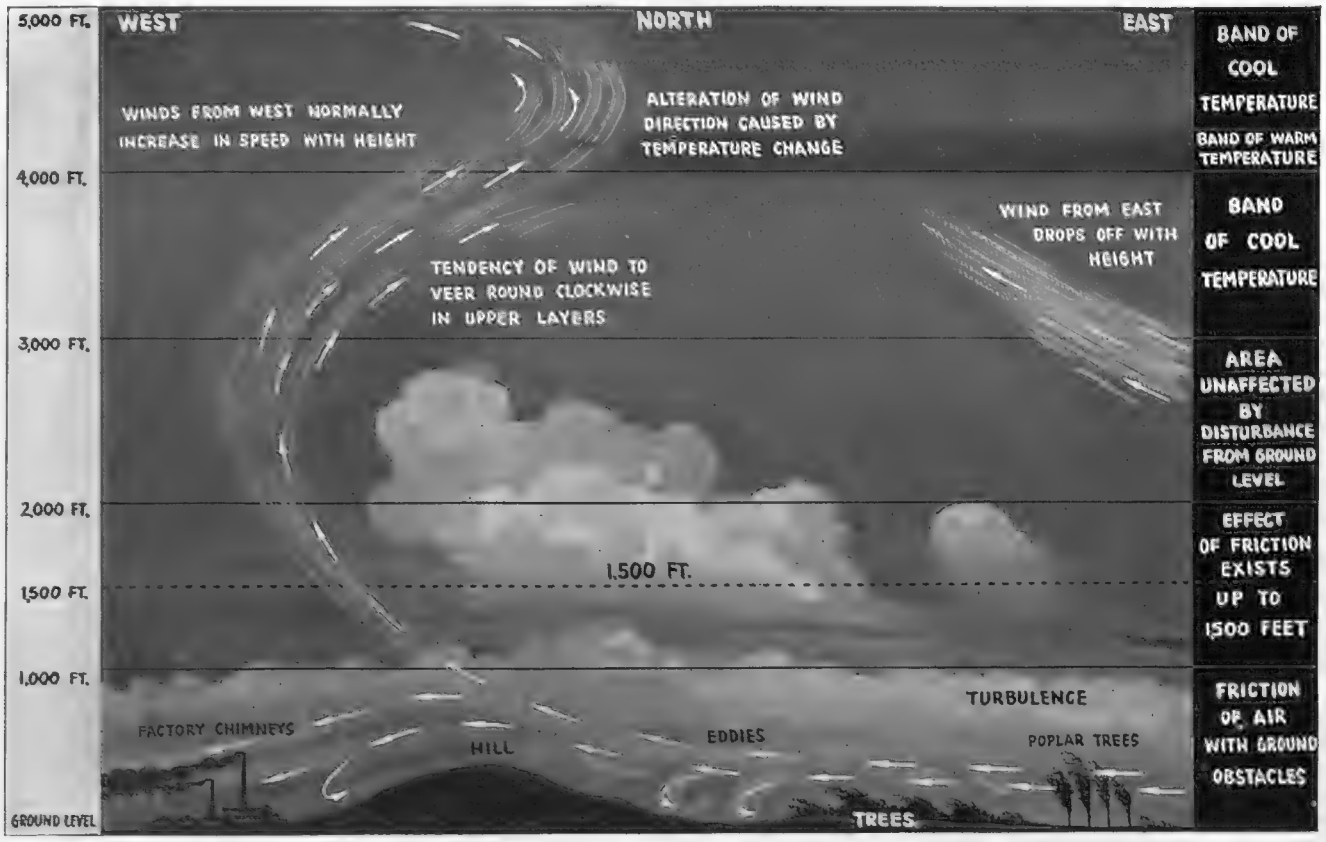
The Beaufort Scale, originally brought out by Admiral Beaufort in 1806, was based on the amount of sail a man-o'-war could carry in various wind velocities. Sailing ships are things of the past, but the effect of the wind upon trees has been found a suitable equivalent.

The scale begins at 0, signifying dead calm, when smoke rises vertically, and ends with 12, the hurricane, when wind velocity is over 75 miles per hour. Each number is also symbolised by an arrow bearing one or more whole or half heathers, the number of which assign it its place in the scale.

THE WONDERS OF CLOUDLAND: Soaring above the densely-packed clouds, one emerges into a roseate, pinkish-bluish world—the floor a wonderland of rugged masses and the sky a heavenly-blue. The tops of the clouds rise and dip like a woolly, Alpine sky-line

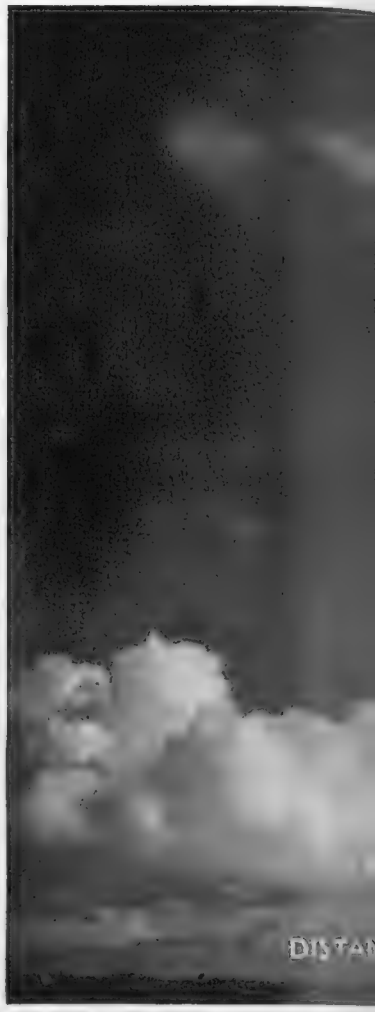


FROM THE GROUND UP: The various types of clouds are here shown from just above the earth's surface right up to 25–30,000 ft., where the cloud formations ultimately end and no clouds exist



Daytime Changes in Wind and How They Come About.—Turbulence in the lower layers of air is responsible for a diurnal change in both the speed and direction of wind. During the day, turbulence is active. The wind at, say, 1,000 ft. gives up some of its momentum to the wind near the ground which, consequently, increases in speed, reaching a maximum usually in the early afternoon. At the same time the direction of the wind near the ground tends to veer towards the direction of the wind at 1,000 ft. At night, turbulence almost ceases, and the wind near the ground backs and lulls. At 1,000 ft. the reverse takes place, the wind backing and decreasing during the day and reaching its maximum speed at night. In general, it may be stated that the veer and increase of wind with height in the first 1,500 ft. is more marked at night than in the middle of the day. The west and east winds have tendencies of their own and temperature layers still further control wind direction

FIGHTING



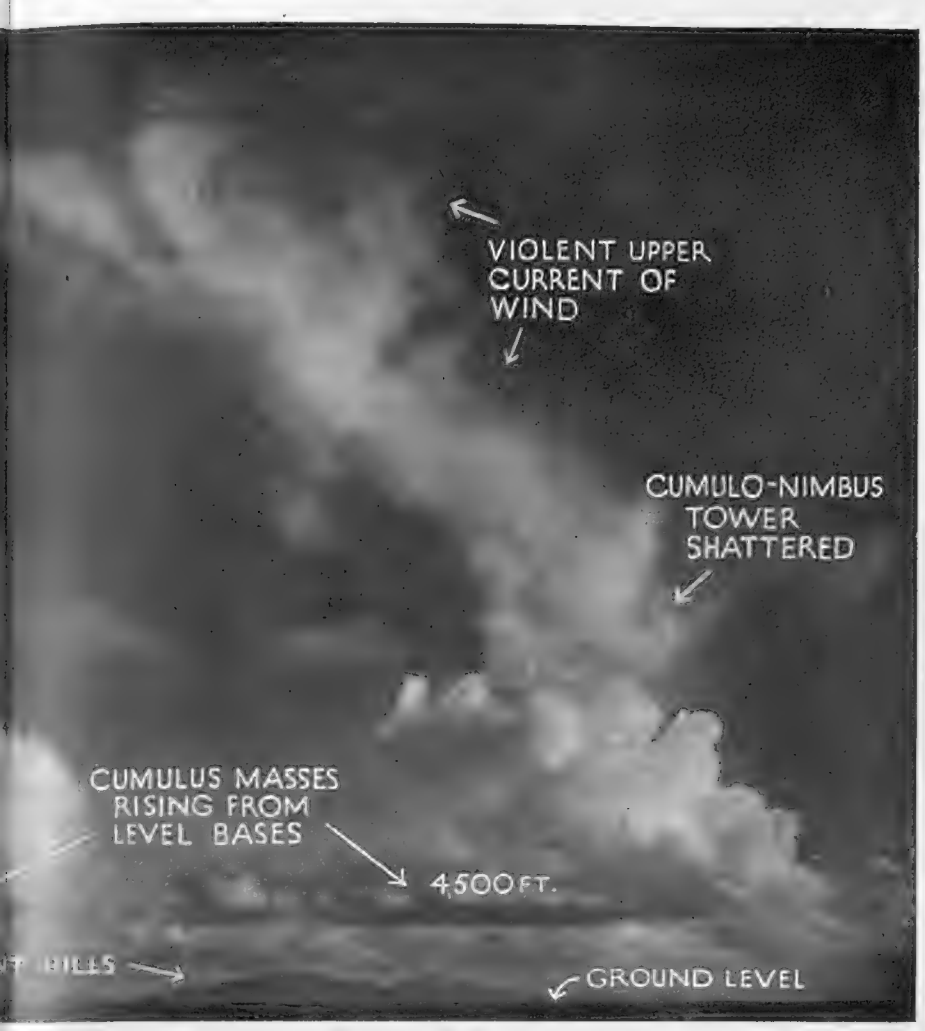
Here the beautiful clear-cut outlines of cumulus on a summer's day are blurred by varying wind currents. A state of "dissolution and thaw" is very evident here, wisps of condensation forming and disappearing above the adventurous plane

This machine, coming out of a billowy mass of cumulus, finds in front and above it signs of a much higher formation which may mean a different wind. The more level banks of cumulus have considerable depth and may stretch for miles

The dark grey nimbo-stratus formation shown here consists of the soft, formless masses one associates with rain. In fact, rain was probably falling when this picture was taken from the plane. *See* stratus in the "Cloud Scale" on the preceding page

Here again the pilot is flying over a bank of gleaming cumulus while high above is an alto-stratus layer, completely different in form. The higher cloud forms may be troublesome owing to the presence of ice particles

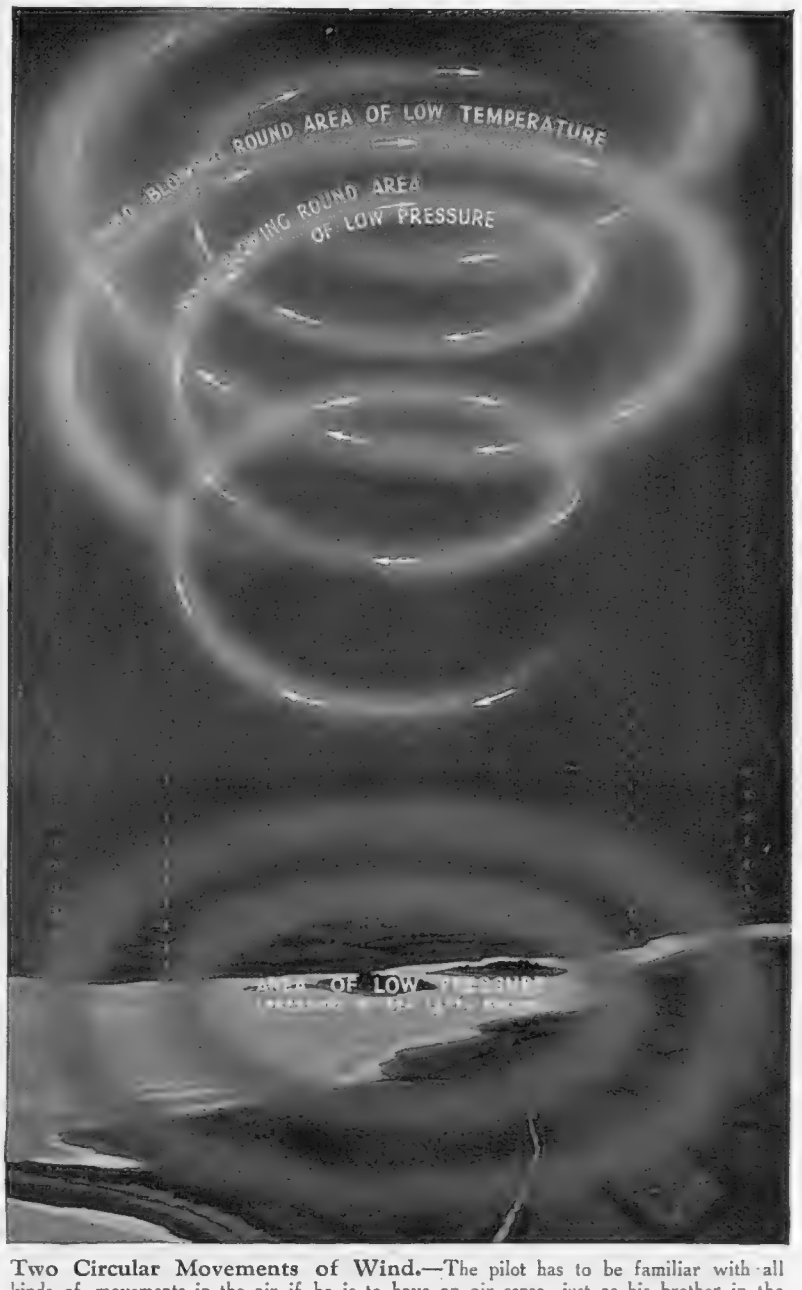
IN THE CLOUDS: The Varying Forms of the Cloud Masses



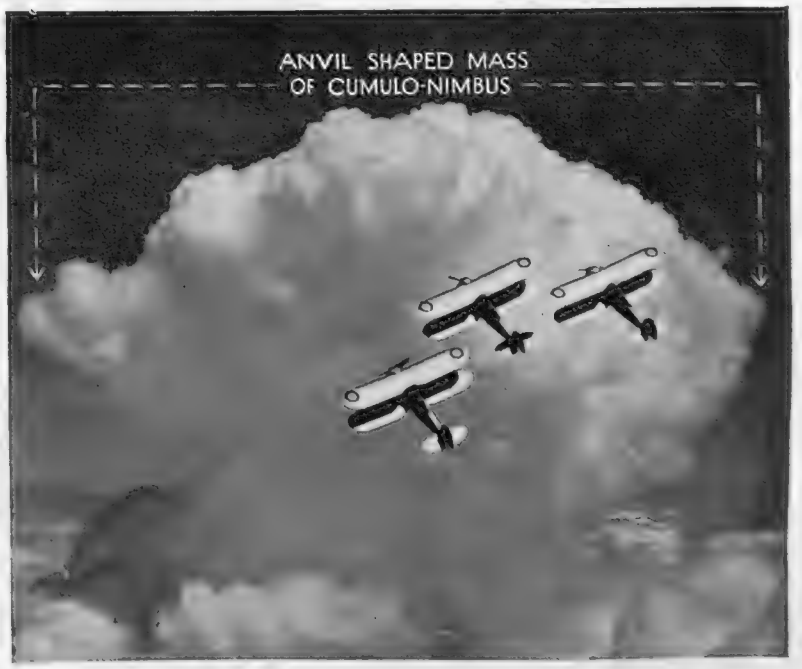
The masses of cumulus developing into cumulo-nimbus, are riding like great ships on a steady sea; their very level bases are clearly visible. Above there is evidence of a high wind blowing the condensations into mare's-tail forms

The plane is proceeding just above a belt of bright haze extending from sea level up to the bases of the mass of cumulus shown in the distance. Another mass, on the left, is half-hidden by the haze

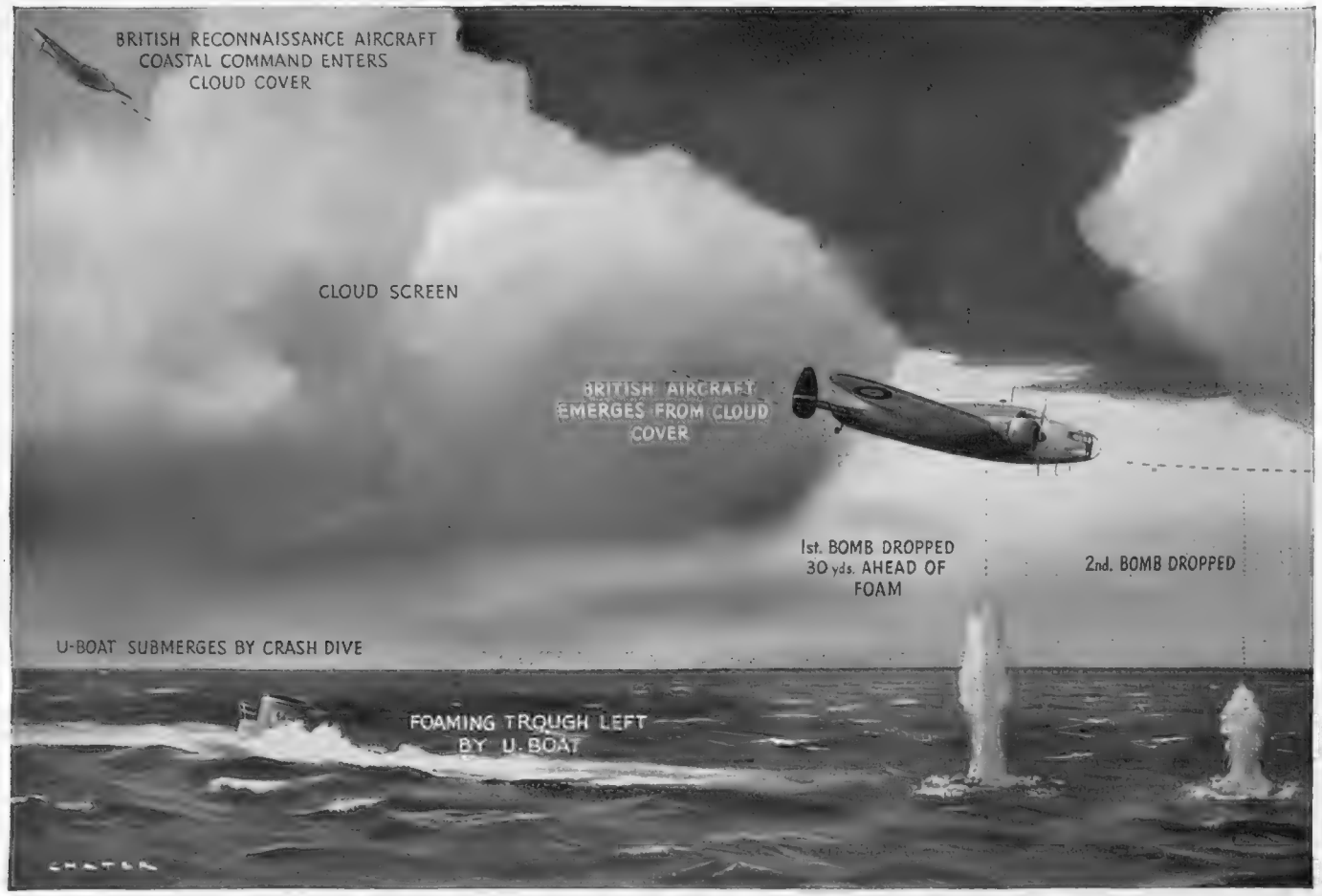
Like an alpine range this foreground mass rears itself some 5,000 ft. above the land surface. A big cumulo-nimbus tower is seen rising like a great berg in a sea of broken masses. Through the large hole in the foreground one can see the earth



Two Circular Movements of Wind.—The pilot has to be familiar with all kinds of movements in the air if he is to have an air sense, just as his brother in the Navy has a sea sense. The lay world is probably all unaware that there exist two superimposed movements of wind as approximately indicated above. It must be borne in mind that above the 1,500 ft. level the changes in wind speed and direction with height varies with the direction of the wind. Thus, winds from a westerly point usually continue to increase in speed with increasing height. Easterly winds, on the other hand, tend to fall off with height, and above 3,000 ft. are often replaced by winds from a westerly point. The variation of the wind is controlled mainly by the horizontal distribution of temperature. Knowing the sea-level distribution of pressure and the temperatures at different heights, it is possible to compute the pressure distribution at various levels and from the pressure distribution the winds at those levels can be obtained with fair accuracy. The pressure at any level depends on the temperature in the intervening layers, so that if there is a large difference of temperature horizontally the wind distribution at high levels must be affected appreciably. The effect of such a variation of temperature is to superpose on the general wind distribution a wind blowing round the area of lower temperature in the same way that the wind in the lower levels circulates round an area of low pressure. For example, if temperatures are uniformly high over the northern Atlantic and uniformly low over the Continent, winds at high levels over England will tend to be northerly, although the surface wind may be southerly.



An anvil shape (the three machines are flying in front of one) is often assumed by the cumulo-nimbus type of cloud formation. This mass, still rising, is in lay language known as a thunder-head



"ONE SUBMARINE RECENTLY ENCOUNTERED WAS RIDING ON THE SURFACE *when it was sighted by a reconnaissance aircraft of the Coastal Command. The U-boat was too far off for the crew to hear the aircraft engines, and the pilot climbed into the clouds to keep the attack a surprise. During the approach the cloua was kept between the aircraft and the submarine. Before coming out of the screen the pilot throttled right back so that there would be less chance of being heard. Then having got into position the pilot pushed the control stick forward and dived to the attack. But so vigilant was the Germans' crash-dive watch that the presence of the British aircraft had been detected. As the pilot dived, the submarine was already submerging. Less than thirty seconds after the conning tower had disappeared beneath the water the first bomb was dropped on the course of the submarine, from a low altitude. The bomb entered the water about thirty yards ahead of the foaming trough left on the surface when the U-boat aivea. The explosion caused a tremendous upheaval, ana the sea was immediately blackened with thick oil. The pilot then released another bomb, which struck the water a few yards from the first. Although the aircraft remained in the vicinity for some hours nothing more was seen of its quarry."*

FIGHTING in

Some Actual Examples from Recent Communiqu

IN the last war there were many stories of the skill of flying aces such as Ball, Bishop and McCudden in using clouds as cover for attacks on, or escape from, the enemy. In their comparatively light and slow machines they could circle and gain height rapidly in the upward draught of warm air and prepare for a pounce or a dash for safety. Heavy banks of strato-cumulus have considerable depth and may stretch for miles, but in those days instruments were so inadequate that a pilot, losing all sense of equilibrium, would very often find himself flying upside down when he emerged. All the same, cloud dodging was a great part of the tactics of those days.

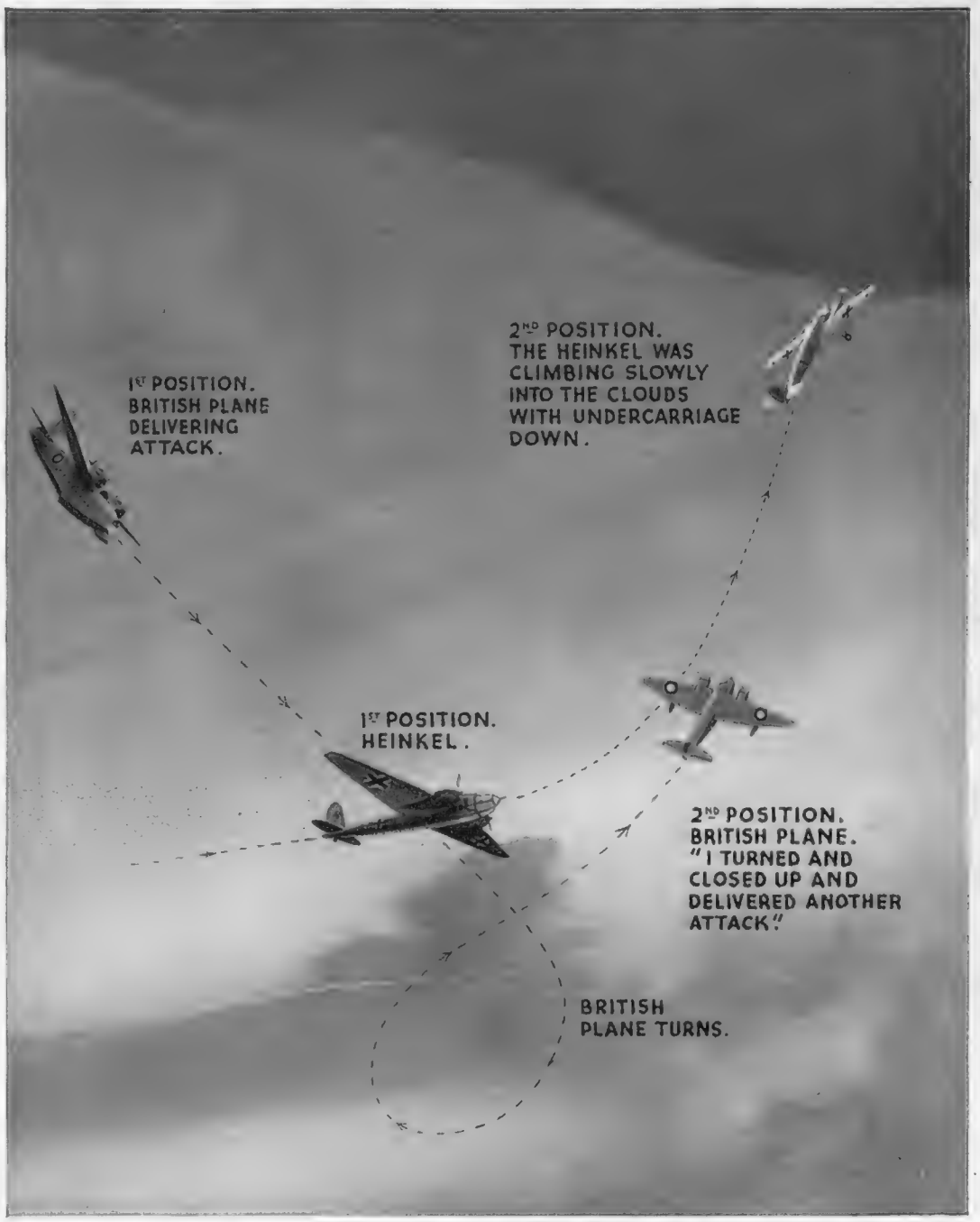
In the present war the clouds play no less an important part. In fact, a senior officer remarked to me that "clouds in modern warfare add 50 per cent. to the effectiveness of both attack and defence." Which is one reason for the banning of weather reports or forecasts from the newspapers. They would indicate to the enemy the type of cloud and visibility to expect. The German meteorological experts are known as the "false prophets," and so of late they have had to send reconnaissance aeroplanes at considerable risk early in the mornings to the English coast in order to discover what the conditions are like. They set out in a flight of five and scatter well off the coast for a quick dash north and south before scuttling for home again.

Almost daily in the accounts of raids off the coast there appears the phrase "The German bomber when attacked by British fighters made off into a cloud and managed to escape." And why do they escape? Well, as one young fighter pilot put it to me, "Looking for an aeroplane in a cloud is like searching for a blinking needle in a haystack. Visibility is rarely more than 15 yards, which at 300 miles an hour means nil. The modern aeroplane simply flies blind by its instruments as in ordinary night flying. If the cloud stretches, as it easily may, for several miles, the enemy plane may emerge too far away for you to catch him and may be able to dash into another cloud again."

But not all are successful. There is a recorded instance in this war of a Spitfire bringing down a Heinkel in a cloud, and a courageous, if slightly lucky, piece of work it was. The Spitfire was almost on the tail of the Heinkel when the bomber reached what looked a thick mass of cloud. Most pilots would have pulled out of the dive and soared to wait for the enemy to emerge. After all, to dive at that speed into the equivalent of a thick fog knowing there was another aeroplane racing within a few yards of you was to invite suicide by colliding. But, in the official words, the pilot "held on." He judged which way the enemy might turn and his speed, and he had his reward. The cloud suddenly thinned for a moment and there was the Heinkel dead ahead and only 15 yards away. He let him have it for a few seconds before the cloud swallowed them both up again. Seeing no more of the enemy he then went on with his patrol work. But his accuracy had justified his courage, and although he himself did not know it, the Heinkel crashed immediately into the sea.

All pilots now have a course of training in cloud warfare, but it is a matter of personal knowledge and experience really and is a phase of modern aerial warfare for which some people have a special knack.

Of course, it is obvious that clouds must play an enormously important part in night flying where searchlights are in use. Cumulo-nimbus, with its flat base and soaring towers, may be found anywhere between 1,600 ft. and 20,000 ft. and will provide perfect cover. One Fleet Air Arm pilot assured me that once he got into cloud when he was climbing at 1,000 ft. and did not emerge



"THE OBSERVER OF ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT ON ITS WAY HOME FROM ESCORTING THE CONVOY SAW MACHINE-GUN FLASHES ON HIS PORT SIDE. *He told his pilot and they investigated. Then they saw more machine-gun flashes ahead. Again they investigated. 'A single enemy aircraft was seen some distance away,' stated the pilot on reaching home. 'We gave chase but lost the enemy just before we were in range. We chased it into the clouds. Returning towards our base we saw an enemy aircraft machine-gunning merchant ships. I got into position above the enemy before he spotted me, and delivered an attack. I turned and closed up and delivered another attack, firing short bursts. The Heinkel was still climbing slowly with under-carriage down when it disappeared into the clouds.'"*

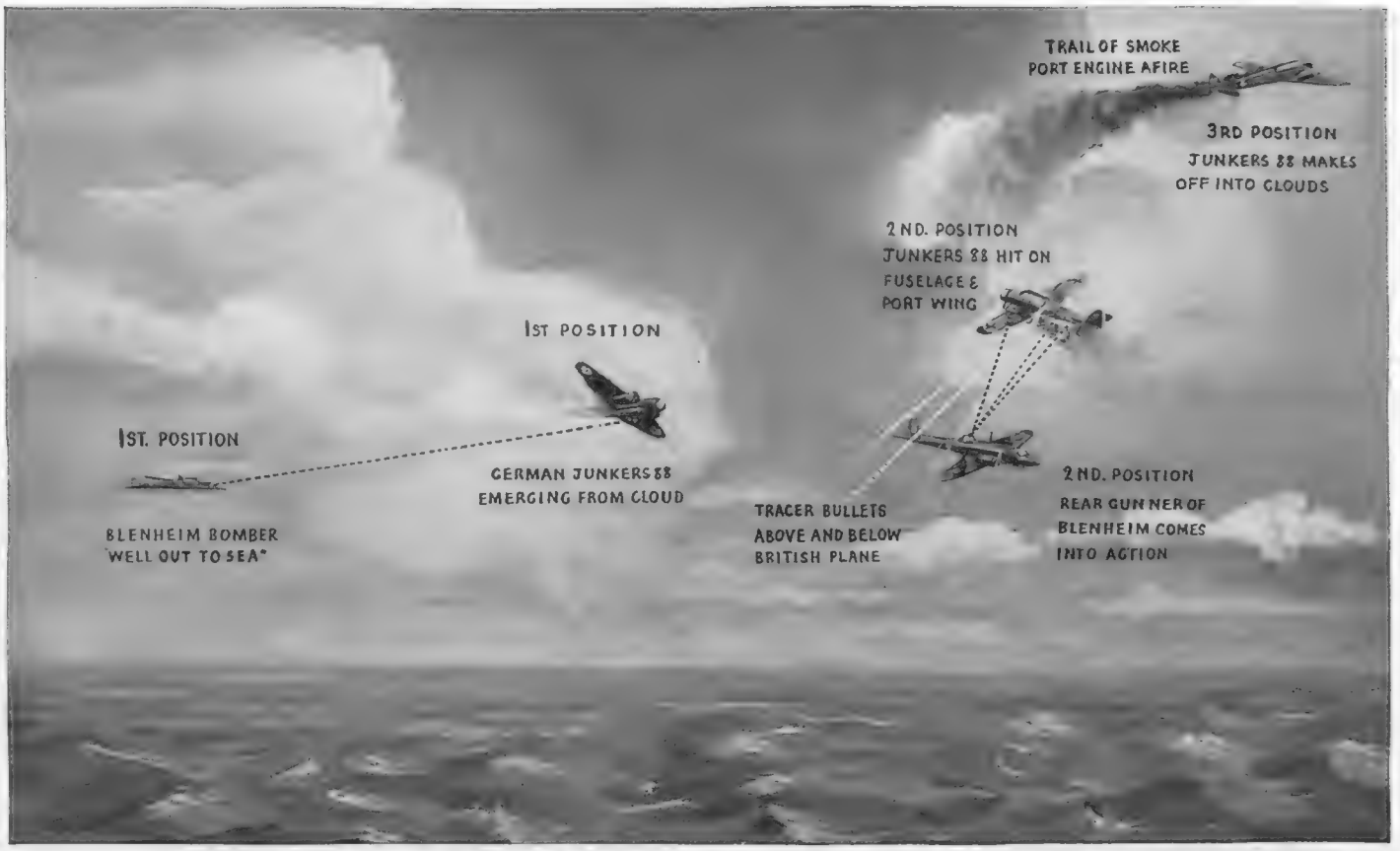
he CLOUDS

of the Use of Cloud es of R.A.F. Combats

A Special Article
By
MOEL THOMPSON

until his altimeter showed 22,000 ft. Needless to say, no searchlight in the world would even begin to penetrate a formation like that!

It was a famous pilot of long experience of every type of flying who raised a point which I had not realised, that clouds, besides baffling searchlights, have a deadening and dulling effect on the sound of the aeroplane engines, which helps to foil the sound locators down below, so that they prove a double defence to raiders. But there is this snag. The success of big raiding bombers comes through holding formation through thick and thin. The enemy



"THERE WAS A SHORT AND SHARP ENCOUNTER OVER THE NORTH SEA *very early in the morning between two bombers, a Blenheim of the R.A.F. Bomber Command and a German Junkers 88, which escaped into cloud after it had been damaged by fire from the British aircraft. At the time of the engagement the British bomber was returning from a search for enemy naval vessels, and was well out to sea when it sighted the Junkers 400 ft. away emerging from cloud. The Blenheim at once closed to attack, and three bursts from a range of 100 ft. appeared to hit the port wing of the enemy aircraft, which turned and replied with its rear gun, the tracer bullets going above and below our aircraft. The Blenheim then manœuvred to bring its own rear gunner into action, and the bursts which followed hit the fuselage of the Junkers as well as its port engine. It left a trail of black smoke as it flew towards the cloud, which it reached before the Blenheim could turn to make a further attack.*"

has as his first object the forcing away of one machine from the formation so that, unprotected by the covering fire of his colleagues, he can be forced down by concentrated fire from two or more fighters.

Now formation flying through cloud is a tricky affair when, as I say, visibility is to all intents and purposes practically nil, and there is a chance, therefore, of formation being broken. But our R.A.F. do manage to carry on just the same. At one time I believe there was special training in cloud formation flying, but the training period is dangerous and in time of war machines and men are too valuable and it has been dropped.

In cold weather, or at very high altitudes, where cirrus provides practically no cover but alto-cumulus or alto-stratus may, there is the danger of ice forming on the wings, or blinding the pilot by clogging up the windscreen, but experience will have taught a pilot to avoid this risk even though it provides cover.

There are one or two very good recorded instances of the clever use of cloud in attacking a submarine. A U-boat is spotted on the surface, naturally keeping a close look out. The pilot climbs to a great height behind a cloud, judging the speed of the U-boat and its position at the time he is ready for his unexpected dive. On one occasion a pilot timed it so well that the boat was caught completely napping as he came through a cloud at 2,000 ft., and his bombs fell within 15 yds. of the conning tower. The vessel was sunk as the result of this expert piece of judgment and use of cloud.

The one enemy of airmen is the very low cloud when flying over hilly country, and this same cloud is a great protection to us, for in Britain it is most common. It makes for inaccurate bombing. The pilot dare not dive through it for fear of finding himself dangerously low, if not actually crashing.

"Give me a patchy sky with a few breaks in it and I can enjoy myself," was the final comment of one pilot.

"A HEINKEL RAIDER BURST INTO FLAMES IN MID-AIR WHEN SHOT DOWN BY HURRICANES. *The German pilot was diving to escape one section of Hurricanes when he was caught by another section. Before the first attack, the Heinkel was flying above the clouds at 10,000 ft. Three sergeant pilots of a squadron which has shot down four raiders, closed in with bursts of machine-gun fire. The Heinkel dived steeply through the clouds. But below the clouds, at 7,000 ft., fighters from another squadron intercepted the enemy. The Heinkel fell, bursting into flames before it reached the water. The decisive bursts of bullets were fired by pilots of a squadron which had not before shot down a raider.*"

CUMULUS TAKES ON MANY ASPECTS UNDER DIFFERENT LIGHTING: Against the sun it shows us wonderful Himalayan ranges while against the sun there appear huge shadowy masses edged with molten silver. Note the autogiro (above the big liner on the left) which looks like a mosquito lost in cloudland

"FIGHTING HAS BEEN CONTINUOUS, NIGHT AND DAY; A WIDELY DISPERSED BUT GENERAL ACTION"
—Mr. Winston Churchill

Drawn for "The Sphere" by its special Naval artist
MONTAGUE DAWSON

The light metal of the Navy has had a terrific ten days off the Norwegian coast since the German forces swooped unannounced on a neighbouring state. News has come of several specific actions necessary to rout out the German forces from the fiords which they seized early last week, but in addition to these operations, constant naval action proceeded up and down wide stretches of Norway's Atlantic seaboard. Down to the sea come the great 4,000 ft. headlands which guard the fiord entrances. There is no danger from shoal water here. Our heaviest metal can approach at almost every point. Here Mr. Dawson shows a light cruiser, typical of the Sheffield class, in company with a British destroyer, following in the cruiser's wake, at the moment when they are engaging a German destroyer

THE DESTROYERS off the NORWEGIAN COAST

THE nation has been watching with anxious pride the record of the destroyers' work as it has gradually unfolded itself from day to day in the news from the Norwegian coastal areas. The challenge of the five destroyers at Narvik to the more powerful enemy ensconced in a rocky harbour with the support of land guns was a story which moved the public greatly. It was in the long line of "beard-singeing" episodes which marked especially our Navy's record in Elizabeth's time. That one destroyer was knocked completely out and another had to run ashore to prevent her sinking into the deep waters of the fiord is the price, as the First Lord of the Admiralty has often pointed out, of supremacy at sea.

Speed and capacity to fight their guns and torpedo tubes under the most strenuous conditions has ever been before our designers and never perhaps have they watched the present operations with keener interest and tension. They have produced craft which can face the heaviest seas without danger of foundering or breaking their backs, which was the constant fear with those responsible for the early destroyers. They can maintain their speed to a remarkable degree no matter how heavy the weather into which they are punching, and they can fight their guns and torpedo tubes. But no designer has ever claimed that a destroyer is comfortable for her crew in heavy weather, and this winter the patrols have been getting very little else.

The North Sea has recently shown itself at its very worst, and owing to its shallowness it can work up a particularly nasty short steep sea which is very much more trying than the long rollers out in the Atlantic, for a destroyer can climb up them and go down the other side, whereas in the North Sea the wave crests are so close together that she has no time to rise, with the result that she hits the second wave hard. The big flare, or outward curve of the skin plating, supplies the buoyancy necessary to keep her guns fightable, but the shock will shake her from stem to stern and does not add to the comfort of eating or sleeping. Farther north, where the Atlantic meets the northern edge of the shallow North Sea and plunges to the depth of 100 fathoms, the deep ocean surge is felt, and it is in this area that the destroyers have recently been put to the test.

The old, low, freeboard destroyers would bury themselves in every wave, but the modern ships fitted with a high forecastle can keep over most of them. Still, a lot of water finds its way below and swirls round the mess decks and accommodation. Their hulls are given tremendous strength, but a long spell of active service, especially if it includes much depth-charging of enemy submarines, will cause the rivets to be loosened and the ship will leak. Although pumps are always fitted which are sufficiently powerful to deal with any normal inrush of water, it means chronic discomfort for everybody on board. In this the officers generally fare worse than the men, for their quarters are aft, where they feel the maximum effects of depth-charges, no matter how quickly they get out of the way, and are situated lower in the ship.

Naturally, when a ship's bow goes down, her stern rises, and in spite of all engineering precautions the sudden reduction in the water resistance to the propellers will cause them to race violently and "shake the in'nards out of her" which is another source of discomfort although this, again, is not nearly as bad as it used to be in the earlier boats.

In those days, however, the destroyer was expected to do practically all her work in narrow waters, not usually very far from the coast, and her captain was ordered to seek shelter if the weather was really bad although they generally contrived to stay out far longer than was theoretically possible. During the last war they were sent considerably farther afield and prior to the April outbreak of fierce inter-naval conflict they went much farther still in their successful efforts to check the activities of German submarines and to prevent refugee German ships slipping through to Norwegian territorial waters in high latitudes. A long patrol in a ship as small as even the most modern destroyer in the latitude of Iceland in the depths of winter, and a particularly severe winter at that, is a very high trial for the stamina and cheerfulness of the ship's company.

Frank C. Bowen

ROLLING AWAY ACROSS THE WIDE STRETCH OF THE ATLANTIC TO THE NORWEGIAN COAST: A destroyer forging her way through heavy seas to take up her station with the British Fleet

WHERE THE DEEP WATER MEETS THE NORTH SEA: A testing ground for the destroyer flotillas which are now daily traversing these heavy stretches of ocean to intercept enemy fighting and supply craft

THE LIGHT METAL OF THE NAVY: The smaller cruisers and destroyers had heavy duties thrown upon them when action began in difficult waters. This picture of a light cruiser, on left, with attendant destroyer, on right, is typical of many a moment during the days following Germany's action in seizing Norwegian ports. In spite of every skill in construction, these vessels are bound to take it white when forcing their way to a particular rendezvous in windy weather

NEMESIS FOR GERMAN VESSELS OF WAR: In the fuselage of the Fairey Battle the bomb-aimer lies prone on the floor of the aeroplane, so that his target is directly beneath him. The bombs are stowed in four cells in the wings and additional bombs may be carried on external racks. The Bomber Command have been playing a large part in the Norwegian conflict

NOW WE CAN
NORWAY'S

The Strategy of the War in Turn with Germany's Invasion

GERMANY'S occupation of Denmark and of bits of Norway, and the virtual conquest of Sweden, open up some interesting problems in air war, and pose some aero-political puzzles which will take a lot of answering. Naturally one's first thought was that we British had been too late as usual—just as we were too late in grabbing the Dardanelles in 1914, and in trying to bribe the Turks and Bulgars to come in on our side. About £2,000,000 would have done it, and would have saved all the losses in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, and in the army of Salonika. We learned that *after* the war.

Maurice Baring, in that illuminating book, *Royal Flying Corps Headquarters*, just reprinted, and a mine of information for budding Air Marshals, quotes a French writer as saying, not of England but of all military minds—"We enter each new war as novices." He might have added that, worst of all, we enter each new war convinced that it is going to be just like the last.

We went to war in 1914 with a little Expeditionary Force perfectly trained for the tactics of the South African War of 1900, and devoid of any idea of the uses of aircraft. We went into this war convinced that it was to be a war of position, so we (French, German, and British alike) prepared for glorified Hindenburg Lines by building Maginot Lines and Siegfried Positions, and West Walls and so forth—just like our old friend Hadrian's between the Tyne and Solway, or Valentinian's where the Maginot now is, or Offa's Dyke.

We built our air forces on the ideas of 1918—ponderous bombers, the dream-targets of anti-aircraft gunners and cannon-armed fighters alike; high speed fighters with wings full of rifle-calibre machine-guns; Army Co-operation machines and single-motor bombers practically of 1918 style, but a bit faster and made of metal, and as easy meat for fast fighters as the B.E.2c's were for the Fokker Scourge, although good enough for colonial war, as the French call it. All nations are the same, Germans, French, Italians, Americans, and ourselves—all have corresponding types. And the people who try to introduce novel

PRESSING THE BUTTON! The R.A.F. observer, who also acts as bomb-aimer on this aircraft, is here actually operating the bomb-selector panel. The bombs carried in this aircraft (or beneath the wings as the case may be) are all controlled from this convenient point at the observer's elbow

BOMBER COMMAND OF THE R.A.F. VERSUS A GERMAN NAVAL VESSEL: A Bristol Blenheim has just sighted an armed fleet auxiliary of the German Navy in the vasty North Sea. The vessel immediately avoids action as the Blenheim dives to the attack—as is evidenced by the sudden charges in the wake. The Blenheim dropped two bombs—one just ahead of the vessel, and the other some 50 yards off. As this picture was taken the German vessel is seen steaming through the foam caused by the explosions

USE GEOGRAPHY

he Air Takes a Definite New of the Scandinavian Countries

By CHARLES G. GREY

(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

ideas are told that they can publish their patents because the Government highbrows, not the fighting airmen, can see no merit in them.

On the ground all nations have gone crazy on tanks and mechanical transport, ignoring the fact that petrol cannot be extracted from grass and that wheels cannot climb mountain tracks and that trucks cannot squeeze through forests or swim rivers.

In other words, nobody has envisaged air war and mobile war except in terms of 1918, in spite of the lessons which *could* have been learned in Abyssinia and in Spain. Fighter escorts for big bombers, small bombers faster than fighters, big troop transports for quick reinforcements at a distance and for wounded and for men on leave, cavalry or mounted infantry for forest and mountain and lake country. One could write a book on "Veterans as Novices."

Look at Scandinavia. We ought to have collared Narvik and Petsamo as soon as war started in Finland, as we occupied Murmansk and Archangel in 1920. In fact, we ought to have occupied Narvik and stopped the iron ore in September. From Petsamo we could have flown aeroplanes and supplies to the Finns if we had started on a big enough scale. Germany had not enough submarines to have stopped us if our supply ships had been properly convoyed.

Easy enough to be wise after the event? Yes; but great generals and statesmen are those who foresee events, and everybody in responsible positions ought to have known about the iron and nickel mines, just as they ought to have known about American shipments of copper and cotton to Russia and other neutral countries.

However, it is some slight consolation to know that we have taken under our wings (so to speak) the Faroe Islands, to the north-west of the Shetlands—so that aircraft, submarines, or other hostile craft cannot harass us from *that* point. As these islands originally belonged to the Danes, no one can object—unless it be the Germans. And their objections in such matters obviously will bear little weight with Mr. Winston Churchill!

And now the Germans have collared Scandinavia. The questions are what good is it to them and what harm is it to us? That is leaving out the feelings of the poor Scandinavians themselves. Even if they had all banded together in support of Finland they still had not a hope against Russia and Germany.

Denmark was obviously open to a walk-over. All Sweden's supply lines, industrial centres, and ports are within easy bombing distance of Germany, and a high percentage of Swedes are pro-German by ties of family and commerce. Norway is the only one that could put up a fight, and the Norsemen look like doing it. I only hope that we get in and help them in time and that they do not suffer the fate of the Serbs and the Rumanians of the last war.

Obviously the Germans had prepared for the thrust months ago—such combined movements of troops, ships and aircraft need a lot of staff work. And they would have been fools if they had not been so prepared. In an all-in war one has to be ready for anything, and obviously if we had jumped claims on the Norwegian coast we could have stopped all German shipping out of the Baltic. Do not forget that the Germans built the Kiel Canal more than fifty years ago for just that reason, and there were no aircraft then.

As an example of foresight, when the Indian Expeditionary Force was mobilised in 1914 for transport to Europe it went to its ports of embarkation on Movement Orders signed "Douglas Haig, Colonel" dated ten or fifteen years before when Haig was on the Indian Staff.

Germany's occupation of Denmark does not mean much in air operations. Naturally we shall not bomb Danish ports or towns, any more than we bombed the Belgians in 1914–18. Denmark has few aerodromes, and if they bring us as targets nearer to the Germans, they also bring the Germans as targets nearer to us. We ought to be able to hit an aerodrome without hitting a town some miles away—admitting with shame that one of our bombers did hit Esbjerg in mistake for Germany.

Norway is another story. If you want to make an aerodrome in Norway you have to blast away a mountain to do it. There is a smallish aerodrome at Oslo, out of which big air-liners haul themselves with difficulty and risk, not a bit suitable for heavily-loaded bombers. Kristiansand is no better, and

SAFE HOME AFTER COMBAT ABOVE NORWEGIAN WATERS: Some of the members of the Royal Air Force Bomber Command, who have assisted the Navy in dispersing the German Fleet off Bergen. This picture was taken on their return to their base in England at nightfall—a scene which has been enacted at many, many, aerodromes during these hectic days—and nights. Note the full flying kit, complete with earphones, parachutes and lifebelts

though nearer to us it is no sort of bombing base. Stavanger is barely big enough for our smaller and lighter passenger craft. Vaernes, near Trondheim, is only what we should call a landing ground.

There are arrangements for seaplanes at these places, and at Bergen and Horten, but seaplanes (either float or boat) are not serious weapons of war, except as anti-submarine patrols and as mine-layers on a small scale. Therefore, regarded as an increased air menace to this country, the invasion of Scandinavia does not count. And it relieves us of all sorts of moral obligations to those unfortunate neutrals, and of protective responsibilities to their shipping trade with us.

Now we are free to use their geography as best suits our war effort. If we have any moral obligations to them the first is to capture the spots which the Germans have occupied. That is no easy job. A few men with machine-guns can stop a landing by big forces if the attackers are barred from bombing and the use of heavy guns by the wish not to damage the property of the owners of the land. This looks rather like a use for tear-gas bombs which the American police have found so useful.

Not if but when we occupy strong positions in Norway, we can use them against Germany better than Germany can use them against us. They will take some holding because, for example, if we occupied Oslo, the Germans would not hesitate to bomb it—arguing that the Norwegians ought not to let us live there. But we shall not bomb Oslo because the Germans are in it.

What use the points occupied in Norway by the Germans can be to them as submarine hide-outs is not my job to discuss. Incidentally, I have been wondering whether the reduction in the numbers of ships torpedoed during the past few weeks has been caused by the increased effectiveness of our anti-submarine patrols or by the Germans saving up their U-boats for the sea warfare which was bound to follow their claim-jumping in Scandinavia. They would reckon on our sending ships and men to kick out their jumping parties, and would want all their submarines to use against us.

We shall learn in due, or overdue, course whether we have sent any ships and/or lost any on this job. If we have tried sneaking across at night we probably shall have lost some. If we send them boldly by day with adequate air escorts we ought to lose few or none.

Sweden need not come into our calculations. There are twenty decent, but also blasted, aerodromes in Sweden, which would be useful to us in an all-in war with Germany, and only useful to Germany if they wanted to bomb us out of Norway. And flying bombers over the Dovrefeld, the mountain backbone of Scandinavia, would be no picnic.

I had, in years gone by, imagined another war in which the Russians would overwhelm Finland and Sweden and use the Swedish aerodromes as bases from which to bomb northern Germany. Many Swedes envisaged that also, and looked to our Air Force to bomb the Bolsheviks out of their country. The war between Russia and Germany looks farther away than it did. But the south Swedish aerodromes may still be brought into the war on one side or the other.

I am terribly sorry for the Scandinavians, including the Finns. They are such fine people. And they are the ancestors of all that is best in this country. If only, instead of our imbecile unilateral, or cock-eyed, disarmament in Mr. Baldwin's time, we had managed to weld the Scandinavians and Hollanders and Belgians into a solid block with us—and had guaranteed them unlimited armament and supplies for their Air Forces the Germans would have respected the Western Alliance, and we could have afforded to let them knock holes in Russia, which would have had much the same result as Brer Rabbit's assault on the Tar Baby, *vide* Uncle Remus.

THE MAN WHO IS PLANNING BRITAIN'S AIR STRATEGY: Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, Chief of Air Staff since 1937, on one of his many missions to No. 10 Downing Street. He is, to the newest branch of the Service, what Sir Dudley Pound is to the Navy and Sir Edmund Ironside to the Army. Consequently it is Sir Cyril Newall who is carrying out the campaign against the Nazis in Norway, and Scandinavia generally. Sir Cyril is fifty-four years old, and transferred from the Army to the R.A.F. in 1919—since when his progress has been very rapid indeed

PEACEFUL INTERESTS in a WAR-WRACKED WORLD

Building up a Whig Library; A Great and Sincere Journalist

"A REPRESENTATIVE LIBRARY."—It is not a time at which it is wise to increase one's possessions or to anchor oneself still more firmly to one's present house and manner of life. Rather, one should be acquiring greater mobility and sawing through the roots which hold us down or keep us fixed.

Nor would I voluntarily add to the burden of personal ownership. But it so happened that, among other household goods, a proportion of my grandfather's library came into my possession recently, and since I am fond of books, I was tempted to take them in and to re-arrange them on my shelves. It is the relics of a "representative library" of a Whig country house of about 1840. I found among my share one or two little lost gems. Two tiny volumes of *Horace* (Elzevirs of 1627), bound in deep crimson morocco and as good as new. These were bought at the sale of Lord Bessborough's villa at Roehampton (Manresa House) in 1849–50, and I daresay both Fox and Sheridan had handled them in old days.

But it is of the fine leather-bound volumes in bulk that I here wish to write. There was plenty of good stuff published and available at the beginning of the nineteenth century to fill a great Whig Library to bursting and with profit. How came it that so much trash or ponderosity was everywhere in those days encased in glorious leather and conserved with so much care?

Always one finds in such libraries yards of shelf consecrated to heavy sermons by forgotten divines and treatises on tropical diseases. The scientific books one can and must, of course, find excuses for. They naturally fall out of date as scientific discovery advances and renders them childish. But the religious and moral sections of the literature of that day seem out of all proportion and even inexplicable when one considers the free and critical outlook of the educated at the end of the eighteenth century. Rousseau, yes. One expects to find and finds masses of him. But fifteen volumes of the Lenten sermons of the Bishop of Clermont? How come they in that galley?

I find from an inscription on the title page that these fifteen volumes were presented to my grandfather in 1846 by Lord Advocate Rutherford. Why did the Lord Advocate choose this extraordinary present for a friend who, though very upright and high charactered, was very much of the world?

And that *Histoire de l'Abbaye de Port-Royal*, which figures in every old library I ever looked through—six volumes of it. Did the Whig noblemen of 1820 read them from cover to cover? I cannot conceive it possible. No. Even making every allowance for a century's change in reading taste, I come to the conclusion that those who in 1820 built up libraries, left the choice of their books to their librarians and cared more for the bindings than for the letterpress.

A Great Journalist.—A great journalist stands out among the fraternity like a lion among jackals. By which I do not imply that the bulk of journalists are jackals in the accepted simile-sense of that term. I merely mean that he is head and shoulders above his fellows in that profession. And (such is life) his value is usually acknowledged fully only when he dies. Such a man, I fancy, was Herbert Sidebotham. His virtues were high, his character fine. Sincerity above all. He had a high sense of public duty and of a publicist's responsibility. He loathed cant, sensationalism, triviality, irrelevance.

What he wrote was shaped by and based on a wide experience, considerable knowledge of affairs and of history, and an individual philosophy of life. His nature was kindly but rigidly just. He never condoned failure, though he might forgive a mistake. He was of no party; he was for the State. Politics were his main theme, and he preached a very high standard for politicians to follow, a standard not often attained by politicians in any era of our history. He took infinite pains over every sentence he wrote, whether it would be read by millions or by a few.

Such a man naturally wrote for the greatest of our journals. What he wrote would not have appealed to lesser organs, for, as I have said, the flashy, the trivial, the personal and the sensational did not appeal to him. He made an ephemeral form of literature as solid, as enduring, as consistent and as authoritative as the more permanent forms. Few journalists can be said to have done that.

So much for the man. Journalism in my view suffers from a too easy definition, a too loose lumping of its many exponents under one label. A great publicist is a rarity. Amateur columnists hang on every bush. Both classes are lumped as journalists. I speak with humility as one who still calls himself an amateur, and ranks himself somewhere far down the rungs.

Most of us who can admire the ideal—the trained and highly skilled publicist—detest the journalism of flash and personalities and feel that the public should clearly differentiate between the publicist and the Society columnist.

We ourselves appreciate the distinction between such men as Sidebotham and the large legion of decent journalists who possess ideals of a sort and strive to keep journalism clean. But we well know our limitations and how far short of the highest standards we fall. We often write of what we do not know, we write in a hurry, we get our facts from other journals, seeking only the best available sources of truth; we are too often echoes rather than voices.

When a great journalist dies, we learn at last the high value which he set on his great trust and perhaps we resolve to take our own trusteeship rather more seriously in hand.

A ROYAL INSPECTION PARADE

At a depot in south-east England the Queen recently inspected the London Scottish (Gordon Highlanders), her own regiment. During her visit, the Queen told the Commanding Officer that she thought it a pity that only a third of the battalion had kilts. She hoped that the others who were in battle-dress would soon be able to get them

Vermin.—The increase in vermin in the countryside is very startling and has already had serious consequences to agriculture and poultry farming. It is, of course, due to the sudden large-scale reduction in game-keepers. The rearing of pheasants is bad for agriculture, the cessation of rearing proves immediately far worse an affliction. All over the country, ground preserved for syndicate or private shoots has been given up, the keepers discharged and the vermin left free to multiply. Result, the foxes have multiplied and grown bold and have taken heavy toll of poultry. In the spring they are always supposed to raid and range for food as far as possible from their earths, but I found the leg rings of my own missing hens outside the earth nearest to my hen-run.

The lack of game-keepers has also enormously multiplied the other vermin (for foxes are vermin in a non-hunting country in which the Hunt Secretary invites their destruction)—stoats, hawks, grey squirrels, pigeons, rabbits, jays (most damaging of garden raiders), all are free to multiply, and all are beginning to show results very unpleasant for our food producers. The roedeer, too, are punctually returning to take toll of strawberry suckers, and their favourite herbaceous plants, and to nibble the green shoots of the currants and gooseberries.

You may say that preserving game is a bad thing in a democratic state and in war-time, but what body can so successfully wage war on vermin as the game-keepers who carry guns and are trained in the arts of trapping and whose daily business it was to keep the pests down to reasonable proportions?

Return of the Chiff-chaff.—I can no longer conceal from myself and my friends that I am growing rather deaf. The inexorable fact is most obvious when in company of more than four persons. I cannot hear my neighbour in general conversation. It doesn't much matter. Mostly, what we say in general conversation is either easy to guess or no vital loss if lost. Deafness is at present most an affliction in spring time. I can no longer hear the chiff-chaff. His return is more important as a revelation and comfort than is that of any migrant. None knew that better than W. H. Hudson, who wrote a wonderful passage about the chiff-chaff in his *A Traveller in Little Things*.

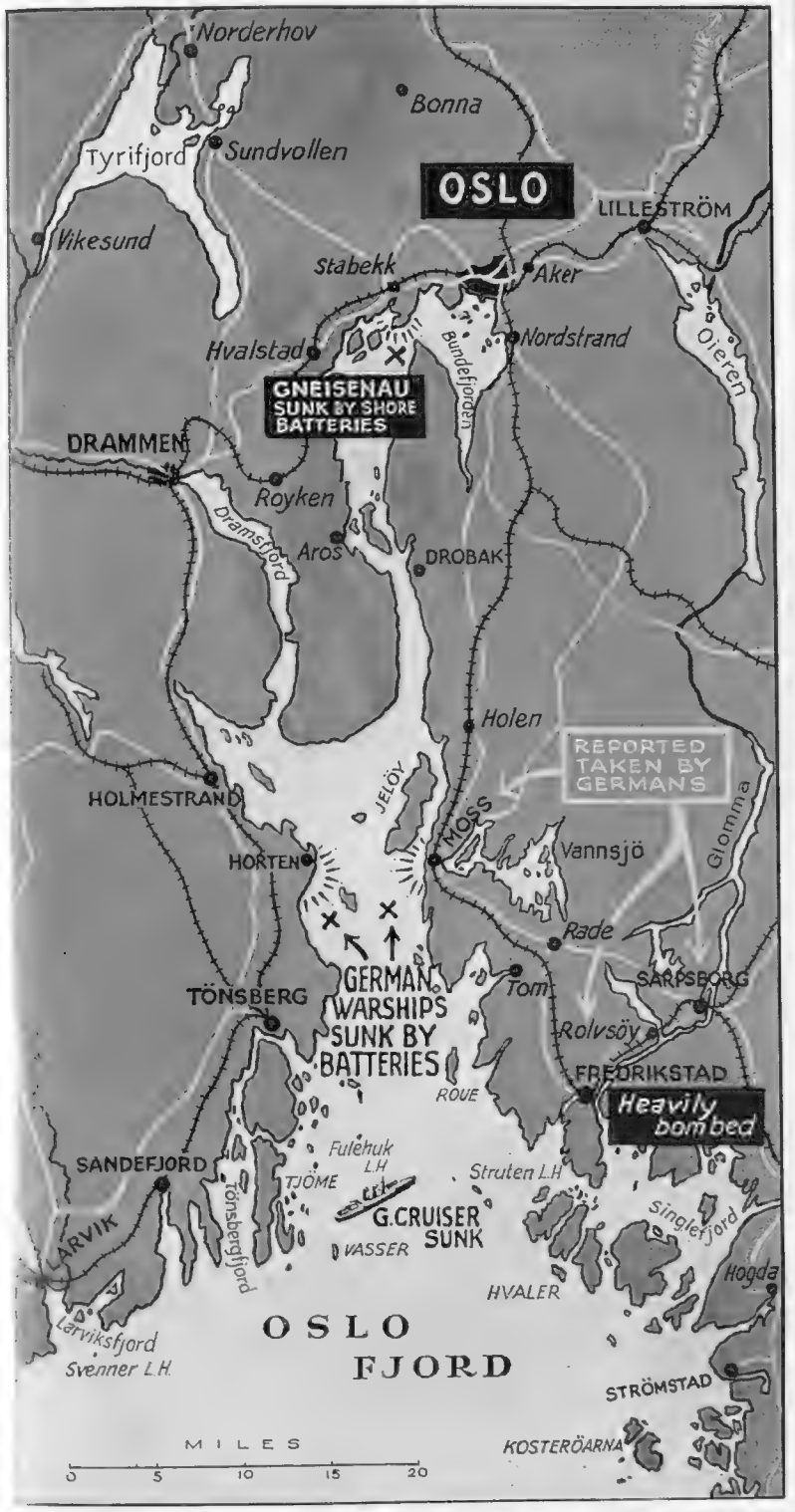
"Listening to that insistent sound (he wrote) I was reminded of Warde Fowler's words about the sweet season which brings new life and hope to men and how a seal and sanction is put on it by that same small bird's clear resonant voice . . . Surely, I said, this spring-time verdure and bloom, this fragrance of the furze, the infinite blue of heaven, the bell-like double note of my little feathered neighbour in the alder tree, flitting hither and thither, light and airy himself as a wind-fluttered alder leaf—surely this is enough to fill and satisfy any heart, leaving no room for a grief so vain and barren, which nothing in nature suggested." He referred to the eternal tragedy and sad atmosphere of human life.

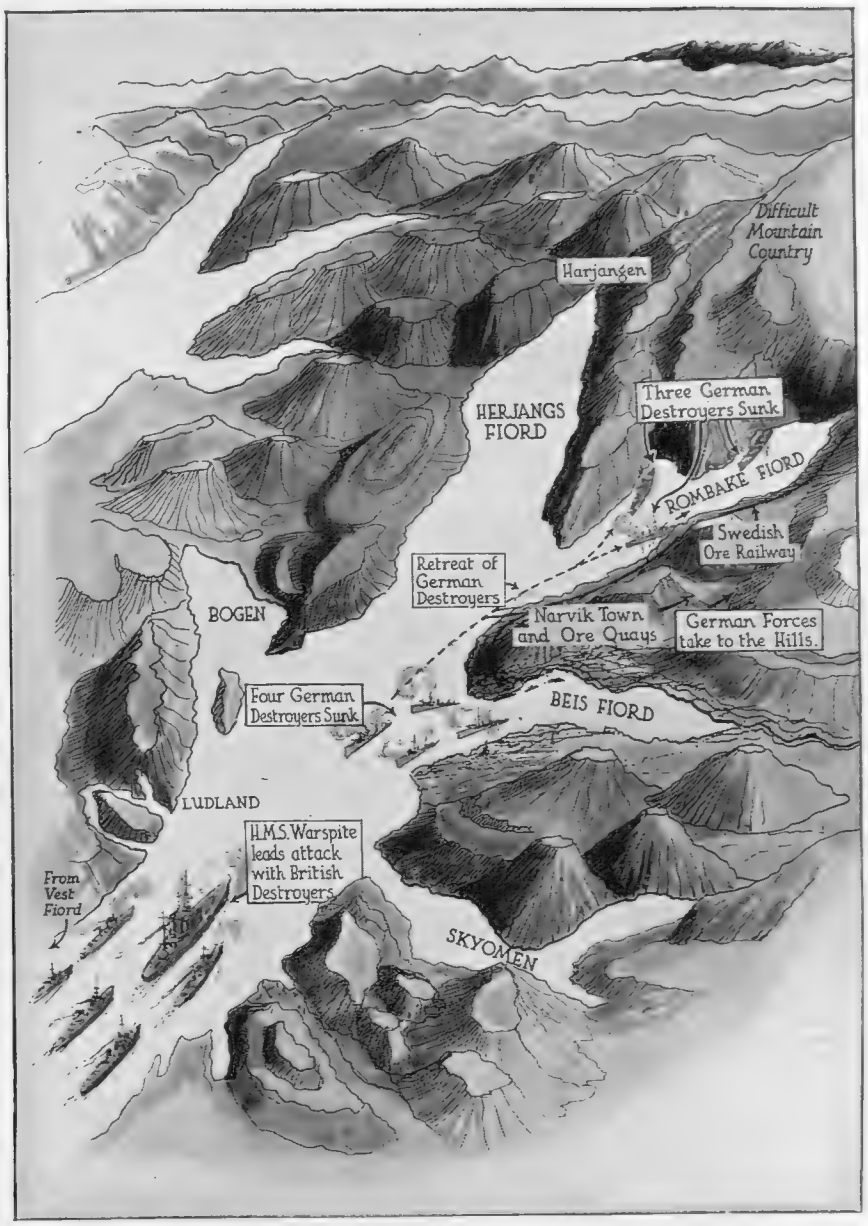
The verdure and bloom, the fragrance of the furze, the infinite blue, these are still mine to grasp, but the seal and sanction of the chiff-chaff's notes are now withheld. I regret it.

J. G.

THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS OF A STIRRING WEEK

Shown in a Series of Special "Sphere" Pictorial Charts

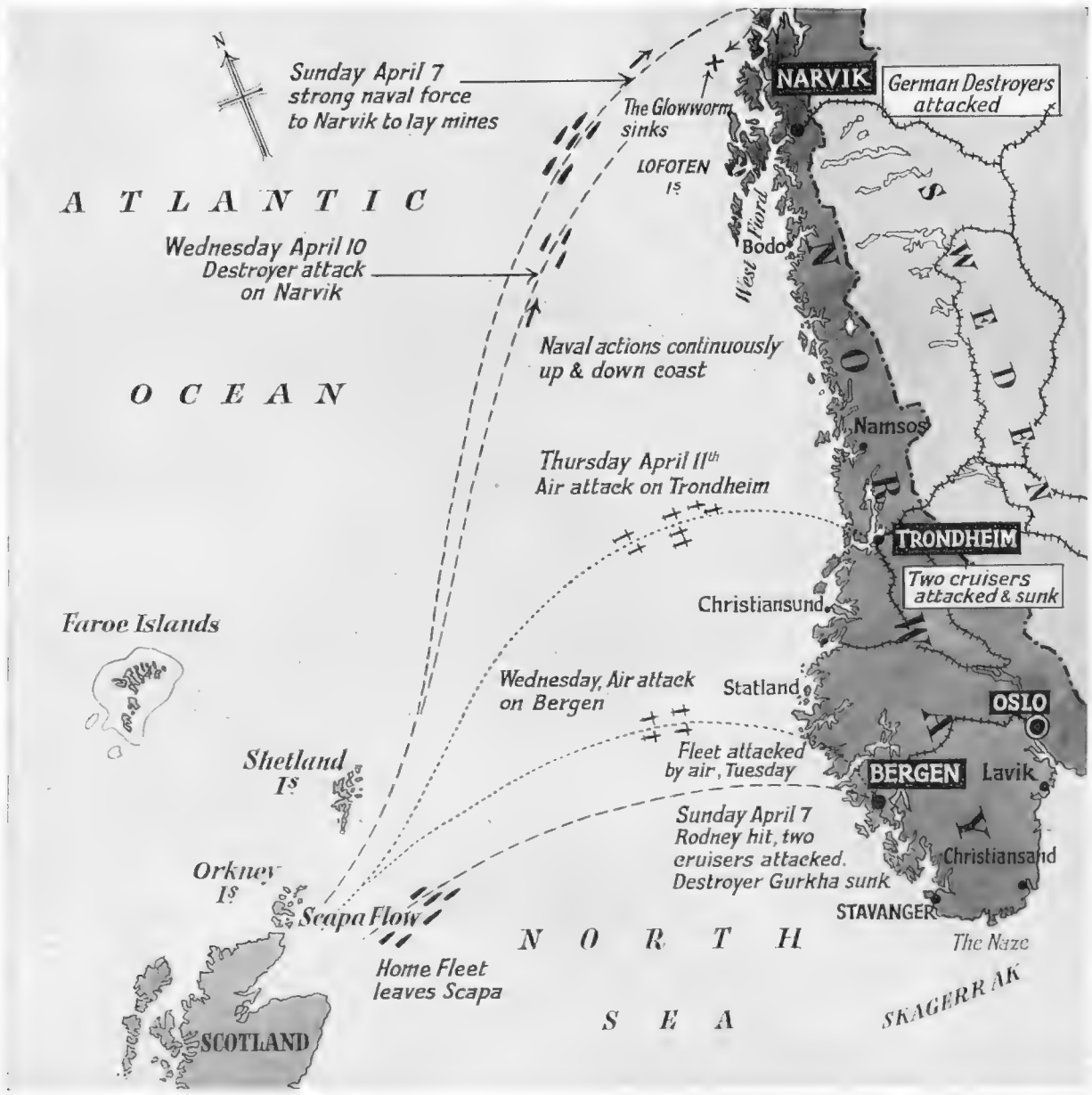




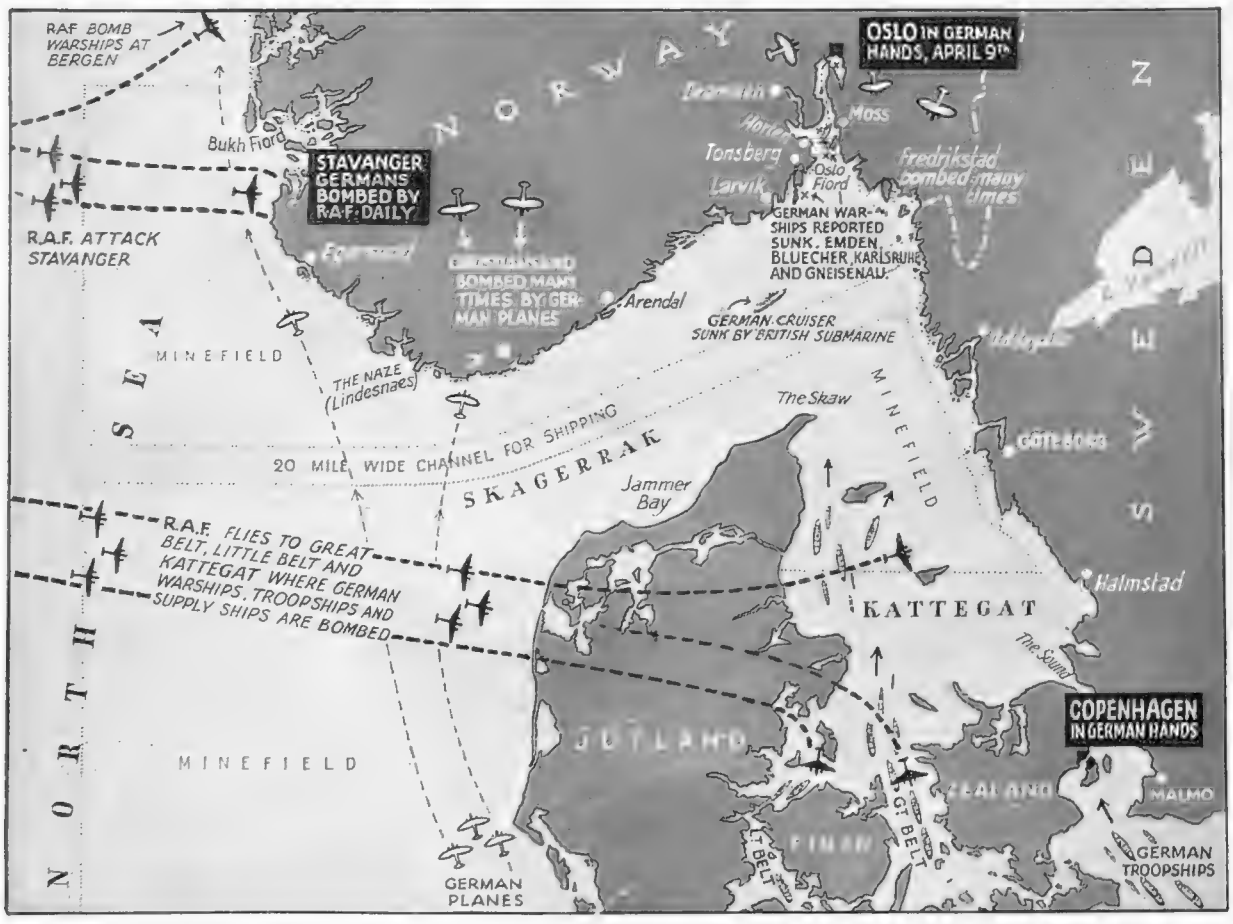
On left—**THE EFFECTIVE STAND OF THE NORWEGIANS AROUND OSLO:** Although Oslo was occupied and reinforced during the past few days spirited resistance was offered at Horten and Moss, with the result that three important German warships were sunk by the shore batteries. The map shows the position of these land guns and also the conformation of the fiord, where still more effective resistance could have been offered if time and other factors had allowed. At the week-end Germany was making desperate efforts to consolidate her position at Oslo, attacking Moss and Sarpsborg in particular with fierce onslaughts. The four railways running out of Oslo are indicated. These connect with Hamar in the north and Larvik and Fredrikstad in the south. The cruiser sunk in the mouth of the fiord is generally supposed to be the *Blucher*

Above—**AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE SECOND NARVIK ACTION:** Here the view is taken from the west coast looking inwards towards the ridge of mountains separating Norway from Sweden. To reach Narvik by any direct means one must enter at the Vest Fiord. From this direction came on Saturday of last week the battleship *Warspite*, a reconstructed veteran, who led a flotilla of destroyers towards the doomed German vessels drawn up in Narvik waters. The flotilla advanced apparently as far as Skyomen to the south-east and Bogen to the north-west. Four of the German destroyers were sunk where they lay in the waters off the town. The other three set out on a fruitless effort to escape. There was no way out and all three were caught and destroyed in the Rombake Fiord which is surrounded by some very high cliffs

On right—**A DRAMATIC MINE-LAYING EXPLOIT:** Following the mine-laying announcement in connection with the Skaggerak and the North Jutland waters (which was a very big effort for anyone to undertake) came the announcement on Sunday that British vessels had laid a mine-field stretching right away from the Kattegat and Great Belt area on the west to a point near the Lithuanian coast on the east. A channel was left open for the possible use of Swedish merchantmen who cared to dare the German aircraft flying over the Kattegat district. Otherwise the whole of the area south of the black line shown on this diagram-chart was rendered dangerous to German shipping. The regular ferries from North German ports to South Sweden will be interrupted and the passage of troopships for Oslo will be jeopardised. No details other than its geographical position and the fact that the minefield was laid by the Allies on the 13th and 14th of the month are at present known, but its presence in the Baltic will be hailed everywhere (except in Germany!) as a brilliant naval coup



THE WAR FROM SCAPA TO THE NORWEGIAN COAST—A PICTORIAL DIARY OF A MOMENTOUS WEEK: This pictorial record of a wonderful week is remarkable as showing the way in which the action of the war had left the main body of the North Sea and had moved up into the north-eastern Atlantic—in the heaving waters east of the Shetlands and the Orkneys. The action extends from Narvik to Bergen on the Norwegian coast; and in the matter of time, from Sunday, April 7, to Thursday, April 11. A preliminary to the whole series of operations was the reoccupation of Scapa Flow by the Home Fleet. The big ships were once again riding on the waters of the Flow in more or less unruffled dignity. From this battleship base the far-flung efforts are shown here as spreading out fanwise against Norway's extraordinary coast-line. Naval action was almost continuous up and down the coast from the opening of the story on Sunday, April 7, a date which shows that German naval operations had already begun before the laying of mines at Narvik. It was on this date that the *Rodney* was harmlessly hit, and vessels of the German Fleet were encountered. The action against Norway's aggressor has not been solely naval. Both the R.A.F. and the F.A.A. (Fleet Air Arm) were in successful action against the enemy at Trondheim and Bergen



AN AREA OF CROWDED ACTION DURING THE PAST WEEK: From the day on which the Germans landed at Oslo (April 9), this area witnessed operations by land, sea and air. A certain number of German reinforcements have been sent to Oslo by way of the Sound and the Great Belt, but these ships have been bombed by the R.A.F. with serious results to the enemy. This operation is shown by dark lines stretching from the west across Denmark, and farther north similar lines indicate the attacks which have taken place against the Germans at Stavanger, bombs being dropped with considerable effect by the R.A.F. The major operation may prove to be the laying of the big minefield stretching from Norway above Stavanger to a position near the Dutch frontier. The construction of this minefield was begun last week and has been progressing steadily. The Germans have been able to conduct attacks on places adjacent to the Oslo Gulf. Fredrikstad, Moss and Larvik have been bombed; meanwhile the army has been consolidating a defence against the Hun

The Week of Naval Action off the Norwegian Coast

Sunday, April 7.—News arrived at Scapa from reconnaissance planes that the German battle-cruisers and destroyers were out at sea and moving northwards. The Commander-in-Chief immediately put to sea. Another British naval force set out for Narvik in order to lay a minefield. The destroyer *Glowworm* on its way to lay mines stayed behind to pick up a man who had fallen overboard. She was sunk by superior forces.

Monday, April 8.—The British minefield was laid in Norwegian territorial waters at three points, near Narvik, Christiansund and Stadtland, to prevent the Germans using the safety of these waters. The German Fleet had a narrow escape of being caught between the two British naval forces at sea.

Tuesday, April 9.—Germany invaded Denmark and Norway in the early hours of the morning. At dawn, off Narvik, the battle-cruiser H.M.S. *Renown* discovered the *Scharnhorst* and Hipper class cruiser in the distance—a conflict ensued in a snowstorm, high sea, and a gale blowing. The *Scharnhorst's* armament stopped firing and a vertical column of smoke was seen rising. The Hipper class cruiser threw a smoke screen to protect the *Scharnhorst* and both ships retired at full speed. There were no casualties on the *Renown*.

Tuesday, April 9—Afternoon: The Fleet cruising level with Bergen was attacked by German aircraft. Two British cruisers were slightly damaged by splinters. One heavy bomb hit the flagship *Rodney*, whose strong deck armour resisted the impact. The cruiser *Aurora* was subjected to five bombing attacks, all of which failed. The destroyer *Gurkha* was hard hit and sank after four and a half hours.

Tuesday, April 9—Afternoon: The destroyer *Zulu* sank a German U-boat off the Orkneys.

Wednesday, April 10.—In the early morning Captain Warburton-Lee with five destroyers entered the fiord leading to Narvik. One British destroyer was sunk, another stranded, and a third damaged. Six merchant ships were sunk in the fiord—the two British destroyers (escorting the third wounded destroyer) steamed out of the fiord, unpursued by the enemy, and met the *Rauensfeld*, a German ammunition ship, which they blew up. "We must regard that as simplifying the task which obviously might be among those which lie ahead of us." The same day, the R.A.F. attacked two German cruisers in Bergen Fiord, who had been covering the landing of German troops there. One light cruiser was hit, and has not been seen since.

Wednesday, April 10—Dusk: The Fleet Air Arm came into action for the first time in this war. Flying in Skuas (which have a long range), sixteen of them attacked the remaining cruiser at Bergen, and fifteen returned safely. The cruiser received three hits, and reconnaissance aircraft later could not discover the cruiser but only a streak of oil about a mile long.

Thursday, April 11.—At daybreak the Fleet Air Arm made an attack on enemy shipping in Trondheim harbour. A German destroyer was hit by a torpedo from the aircraft.

Friday, April 12.—Immense new minefield was laid by the British Navy from Dutch territorial waters, at Terschelling, to the Skagerrak, and south into the Kattegat.

Saturday, April 13.—At mid-day a victorious attack was made by the Navy upon Narvik, when H.M.S. *Warspite*, accompanied by destroyers and minesweepers, entered Narvik Fiord. Seven German destroyers were sunk and German troops appeared to be endeavouring to escape from the town. This naval success had been foreshadowed by Mr. Churchill in his speech when referring to the sinking of the munitions ship.

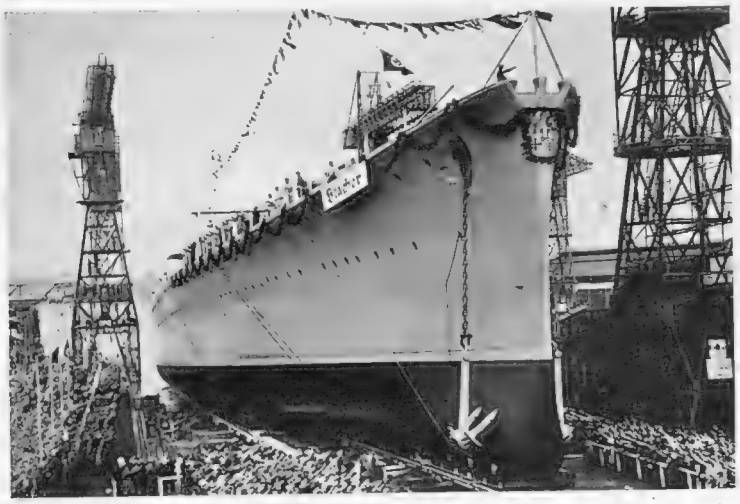
Sunday, April 14.—In the early hours of the morning a minefield was laid all along the German shore of the Baltic, from Denmark to Memel—thus hindering the movement of German vessels.

Monday, April 15.—Announcement made that "British forces have now landed at several points in Norway."

BATTLESHIPS AND ARMOURED SHIPS

Above—The battleship *Scharnhorst*; *top right*—the battleship *Gneisenau*. Both these vessels have been sunk—the first by H.M.S. *Renown*, and the second by shore batteries in Oslo Fiord. *On the right* the armoured ship, *Admiral Scheer*—not definitely claimed by the Admiralty as sunk, but so severely damaged by H.M. Submarine *Spearfish* that she will be out of the war for a long time. These three vessels were the biggest in the German Navy. *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* were both 26,000 tons; and the *Admiral Scheer* was one of the three "Pocket Battleships" of 10,000 tons

HEAVY CRUISER



Above—The *Blucher* was a 10,000-ton heavy cruiser: she was launched in June, 1937, and was one of the Hipper class. She was armed with eight 8-in. guns, and carried a very heavy A.A. armament. The *Blucher* carried three aircraft and was fitted with a catapult for deck-launching

On right—Admiral Raeder, Commander-in-Chief of the German Navy—or rather, what's left of it!

On left—Admiral Rolf Carls, who is in charge of the German Naval Operations in Norwegian waters, and who is understood to be aboard one of the Nazi warships. During the last war Carls commanded a U-boat

CRUISERS

The cruiser *Nürnberg*, sunk by submarine, was a vessel of 6,000 tons launched at Kiel in December, 1934; her complement was 656

The cruiser *Emden* was launched at Wilhelmshaven in January, 1925. She had a displacement of 5,400 tons, and carried a complement of 534

The cruiser *Karlsruhe*, of 6,000 tons, was launched in March, 1927, as one of three ships of the Konigsberg class. Her complement was 571

The cruiser *Leipzig*, 6,000 tons, launched at Wilhelmshaven in October, 1929

WHAT THE GERMANS have lost in CAPITAL SHIPS

IN BRIEF: Before the invasion of Scandinavia, the German Navy consisted of 4 armoured ships; 3 large cruisers; 4 small cruisers; 2 aircraft-carriers; 22 destroyers; 42 torpedo boats; ? submarines.

IN DETAIL (an asterisk denotes a vessel sunk by the British Navy in Norwegian waters).

First Line of Armoured Ships:

Deutschland (since renamed *Lutzow*) and **Admiral Scheer*, 10,000-ton pocket battleships, each with six 11-in. guns and thin belt of 4-in. armour.

**Scharnhorst* and **Gneisenau*, 26,000 tons with 13-in. armour belt and nine 11-in. guns.

Tirbitz, 35,000-ton battleship now building. *Bismarck*, eight 15-in. guns and thick armour, possibly ready at end of year. *Deutschland*, in very early stage of building.

Cruiser Fleet: Sharply divided into two parts.

**Blucher* and *Admiral Hipper*, 10,000 tons, 32 knots, eight 8-in. guns; all "Washington tinclad" type.

Prinz Eugen (may be at sea).

Seydlitz, not ready before end of year.

Six *others* under construction, unnamed, and unready for present conflict.

* *Scharnhorst*, hit by *Renown* * *Gneisenau*, sunk in Oslo Fiord * *Blucher*, sunk in Oslo Fiord * *Admiral Scheer* badly damaged by torpedo.

The Treaty Cruisers: All limited to 6,000 tons. Built 1925–7.

**Nürnberg*, **Leipzig*, *Konigsberg*, **Karlsruhe*, *Koln*, **Emden*.

(*The *Karlsruhe* and *Emden* have been sunk, and two others, by British submarines.)

Aircraft-carriers:

Graf Zeppelin, launched 1938, commissioned recently—carries forty planes.

A *sister ship* a year behind and unready for present fighting.

NOTE—In addition to the above Capital Ships Germany has also lost at least seven destroyers, whose sinking is quite definite.

THE SEAPLANE BASE AT STAVANGER, PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

Stavanger has the best and most modern aerodrome in Norway with, alongside, a seaplane base. Presumably it was to be used as a base for attacks on Britain by the Germans. The continuous British attacks—by day and by night—have, however, demonstrated Stavanger's vulnerability. In six days no fewer than seven heavy attacks were made on both aerodrome and seaplane station: and it is undoubted that much damage must have been caused to hangars, aircraft and personnel. The picture above, taken by the R.A.F., shows more than a dozen Biohm and Voss seaplanes at their moorings. These were very shortly afterwards bombed by our aircraft whose crews (thanks to this photograph) were able to make a direct attack on their objective

The BOMBING of STAVANGER

Official Photographs of the German-occupied Aerodrome and Seaplane Base Continuously Bombed by the R.A.F. by Day and Night

THE STAVANGER AERODROME AS IT WAS SEEN BY THE R.A.F.

"During this morning aircraft of the Coastal Command reconnoitred the aerodrome of Stavanger," announced the Air Ministry on Saturday last. Here is what they saw of the aerodrome: quite clear in the picture are a large number of enemy aircraft, a hangar and a runway, which formed excellent targets for our bombers. The enemy aircraft pictured include Heinkel 111's, Messerschmitt 109's and 110's. It was following on the taking of the two pictures reproduced here that our continuous bombing of both bases at Stavanger was carried out

A LESSON THE GERMANS MIGHT FOLLOW—A BRITISH NAVAL VESSEL RESCUES GERMAN AIRMEN FROM A HEINKEL SHOT DOWN OVER SCAPA FLOW

At the opening of the campaign in Norway, before her forces were so fully engaged by the British Navy and Expeditionary Force, Germany attempted to strike back at Britain by air raids on naval bases and merchant shipping in Scapa Flow and the Moray Firth on Wednesday of last week. At least seven of the German raiders were, however, brought down. This Heinkel 111 (seen almost submerged in the picture above) was attacked by three Hurricanes ten miles north of Kinnaird Head, Aberdeenshire. One of the Hurricanes climbed almost from sea level to 14,000 ft. before the pilot fired. Then he gave the enemy a long burst, and saw pieces of the Heinkel drop away: its tail began to shudder violently, and oil poured from one of its engines. The German rear gunner continued to fire as the two other Hurricanes closed in. They then saw two of the German crew take to their parachutes at 9,000 ft., while the Heinkel spiralled slowly down to the sea. Later, a British naval vessel came up and took the German crew aboard

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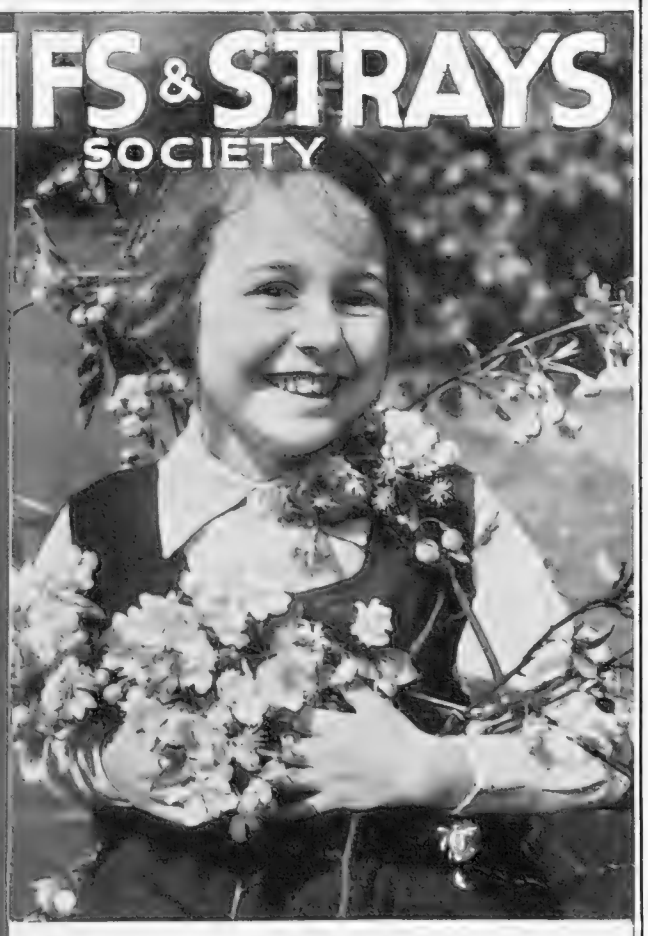

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HOW THE NEWS IS GIVEN OUT AT THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION: English journalists and correspondents of foreign newspapers listening to reports on the Norwegian situation given out at the Press Section of the M.O.I.

THE NEW FOREIGN DIRECTOR AT THE M.O.I.: Mr. Ivone A. Kirkpatrick, Counsellor in the Foreign Office, who has succeeded Professor E. H. Carr

"ONLOOKER" BROADCASTS: Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., who is revealed as the anonymous speaker in the famous B.B.C. "Onlooker" series of broadcasts

THE NAZI WHITE BOOK FORGERIES: Herr von Moltke, the former German Ambassador in Warsaw, showing the foreign Press representatives in Warsaw the documents "discovered" in the capital. The documents, published as a White Book to "prove" how the United States helped to instigate the war, have been denounced in America as forgeries

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

FICTION IN MANY FORMS

A New Sinclair Lewis Novel Among Others in a Mixed Bag

FOR the past few years Mr. Sinclair Lewis has been giving evidence of a growing interest in the theatre. He has written for it, he has studied it, he has attended it, he has even, on a number of occasions, acted in one. It was obviously inevitable that a novelist of his gifts—and he remains one of the greatest of contemporary novelists—should one day write a novel about it. This he has now done, with **BETHEL MERRIDAY** (Jonathan Cape. 9s. 6d.), the story of a young girl who wants to be an actress.

True to fictional form she achieves her ambition; true to Mr. Lewis's form she passes through an apprenticeship exact in every last detail of a theatre as it really is, an arduous but lively workshop. Bethel, as a child in a pleasant little American town, has the child's gift of imitation and the child's weakness for self-dramatisation. The stage seems meant for her and she for the stage. When a touring company comes to her local theatre, and she even meets one or two of its members, her ambition crystallises; she will be an actress, and she will start her training at once.

Unlike the parents of most stage prodigies whose success is only in their own juvenile eyes, Bethel's father and mother sympathise with her plans, and put up the necessary money to allow her to spend the summer, after leaving college, with a seaside stock company. There she gains a very little experience in acting and a great deal in painting scenery, the technicalities of which appear to delight Mr. Lewis's ever receptive mind.

Bethel at twenty-two is a half-fledged actress, not very good, not outstandingly bad, and still chockful of ambition. With her parents' reluctant, but still affectionate consent, she goes to New York and there at length gets a job, not in New York, but to tour in a modern dress version of *Romeo and Juliet* with the same rich young amateur who had run the summer theatre. Her part is the traditional two lines and an exit, but this time the experience which Bethel devoutly seeks is hers for the asking.

She experiences all-night rehearsals, one night stands, jealousies and love affairs, and is faced with one of the acutest problems in the life of an actress on tour—the problem of keeping her clothes fresh and crisp with one battered and incessantly re-packed trunk to hold them.

Bethel emerges as an actress, and it is to Mr. Lewis's everlasting credit that he does not specify a good actress. She marries, and I am sure learns to regret it before the covers of the book have been shut, and she goes to rehearsal of her first New York production. She is an actress, and she knows, and the author knows, and the readers know, and certainly the hideously named Zed Wintergeist knows, that she is an actress first, and a young girl in love second.

It is Mr. Sinclair Lewis at his brightest if not at his best, and it is all fine entertainment, which perhaps is the ultimate pronouncement on a theatre novel.

I can never quite make up my mind about the novels of M. Henry de Montherlant, but since I feel myself compelled to read each one as it appears, perhaps that is my answer, and any elaboration unnecessary. Certainly he is a brilliant writer, and certainly his latest book, **THE LEPERS** (Routledge. 9s. 6d.), is as much a *tour de force* as any of its predecessors in the same series. That, I suppose, should be enough satisfaction to a reader, and the monstrous egotism of their central character, Costals (once Costa), should be taken as an interesting and indeed an amusing study.

Costals is a writer who believes in himself and in his work, a commendable confidence which he carries to the borders of egomania. In all the adventures of body and mind which he seeks and enjoys, it happens that other people are made to suffer. Costals, whose intelligence is all-observant, notices every pang and records it, but has no comprehension of pity. Nothing escapes him, but his emotion is for himself, and such compassion as he knows has the same object.

Costals, in fact, is a monster, but a vastly accomplished and witty one. There are times when M. de Montherlant seems to stand back a few paces and have a dig at his creation, via a footnote, as when he writes of one of Costals' letters—"This seems rather overdoing it"—but in the main he is absorbed in his puppet and makes him a mouthpiece for all those aphorisms which are so typically de Montherlant.

In this book Costals is considering marriage with a young girl, Solange Dandillot; that is to say, he considers it with every emotion except enthusiasm. He thinks of it with revulsion, with foreboding, with fascination, even with resignation, but being Costals he escapes and goes to Genoa. There he summons Solange for a fortnight, which begins in passionate happiness and ends in his boredom. He leaves her again and falls to work on a novel, in which she appears, dissected and analysed to the last tear.

Solange by this time is in a decline, with every mundane symptom of bad teeth and boils, and this perversely wins him again and leads him to the point of an official engagement. But again he backs out, flies to Morocco and to Rhadidja, whom he discovers too late is a leper. For weeks he lives in the terror of having contracted leprosy himself, only to find on his return to Paris that he is still safe from it and that the only lepers in his life are women. In this connection the French title, *Les Lepreuses*, was infinitely better.

There had been a moment when the world, which existed only for Costals, had seemed full of pain and disease and slow death. Now he is free again, for his amours and his work, and the next curious, effective, egocentric volume of his progress.

A few years ago there was a popular, but not unduly popular song whose refrain was "Thanks, Mr. Hemingway." It was an amusing little song, though every other word in it escapes me, and it might well be adopted even at this late date by a number of our rising novelists. A day will come, I suppose, when Ernest Hemingway will be remembered for himself and not his imitators, but each week's reading convinces me that that day is still a long way off. Perhaps those curt sentences and that telling understatement suits the mood of our time. However it may be, it still remains the pattern *par excellence* for all those writers who hover between the classic model and the effort of creating their own style.

Mr. Philip Jordan seems to experience just this difficulty in his new novel, **SAY THAT SHE WERE GONE** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), which begins in that uncompromising, pistol-cracking style, and ends, in spite of the violence of its action, in a quieter, more thoughtful and more natural manner.

Mr. Jordan's hero is an intelligent and neurotic Englishman, married to an extremely rich and beautiful American girl. He falls out of love with her when she refuses to have his baby, and when she loses all her money and is faced with the horrors of living on eight hundred a year, he decides that he cannot leave her, and must work to keep both of them. Unfortunately, the only work which will give them the money she considers necessary is to be earned on the pay-roll of the rebels in Spain, a side for which the young man feels only antagonism and contempt.

But he takes the job, though it means betraying his former friends in Spain, and he makes the money. Rather unfairly—for he is not an admirable character—the war brings death to his wife, and only release to him.

There are moments when one can sympathise with Mr. Jordan's hero and almost as many when one cordially dislikes him, but about the setting of his story, whether in Spain or Paris or New York, there can be no division of opinion. When the author turns from emotional conjectures to straight reporting he is first rate, and it is that ability of his that makes this novel a vivid and personal piece of work.

A country divided against itself once more; this time Austria, after the Anschluss. **STORM CLOUD OVER VIENNA** (John Murray. 8s. 3d.) is more naive than Mr. Jordan's book, but it is at least as convincing. Miss Olga Rosmanith tells the story of a young Austrian and an American girl in love and in Vienna. Neither of them is politically involved, but the boy's associations soon make him the butt of Nazi bullying and he is arrested, only to escape and leave the country to lead a free life with his girl in a happier place.

The atmosphere of terror and suspicion as a lowering thundercloud background to young love is very well done, and there is something charming and spontaneous about what is essentially a love story.

Central Europe is also the scene of Miss Gina Kaus's **THE DEVIL IN GREEN** (Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.), but here politics play no part, and the character of Melanie Simrock, as a pathologically jealous woman, is one that might unfortunately be found anywhere. Her prey, for the purposes of the story, is an amiable young man, a poor student of philosophy. She marries him and then, although his faithfulness to her is never for a moment in question, she makes his life an inferno of suspicion and nagging.

After months of this intolerable life, Albert does in fact fall in love with his secretary, whose pleasant, independent manner is an irresistible attraction to him. For a week or two they manage to keep their secret and their happiness, but Melanie's discovery is inevitable, and being the woman she is, melodramatic.

In spite of this the story is convincing since from its first chapter the tension has been gradually built up to a climax of this sort. Miss Kaus has written an absorbing psychological study and she has avoided the morbid by using a deliberately temperate tone.

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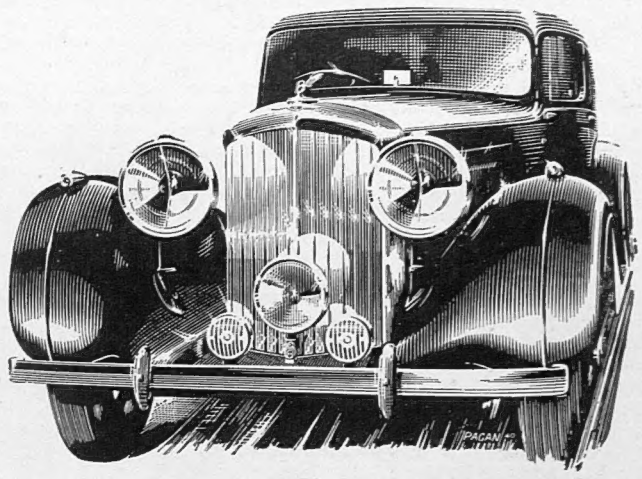

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By ASHLEY COURTENAY

The Isle of Thanet Prepares for the Summer

THERE is no substitute for the invigorating air of the Isle of Thanet. Those accustomed to spending their holidays along that chalk-cliffed indented coast line which stretches from Broadstairs to Birchington, will find if they go elsewhere this year that the air is as different as margarine to butter.

Having just revisited the Isle of Thanet, I am in a position to give first-hand information regarding the effect of war on this health-giving isle, which to-day is no longer an island except in name.

If I had believed Dame Rumour I should have only ventured into Thanet with my gas mask at the ready, but accustomed as I am now to her fallacious statements I proceeded along highways and byways of which the only predominating note was spring.

The sun shone as it only can shine over Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Margate and Westgate. The sands sparkled in expectation of buckets and spades to come. The air was of a rare vintage, peculiar to Thanet and Thanet alone.

Naturally, there were soldiers about, but where aren't there, these days? There were the usual notices of A.R.P. shelters, A.F.S. engines, and the necessary paraphernalia of war conditions, but otherwise Thanet was just Thanet awaiting her normal summer trade.

Visitors may return here without any apprehensions arising out of Dame Rumour's stories. The story of piers destroyed by stray mines and of Heinkel raids are but a myth. The only complaint of Thanet's populace is one of boredom that winter has overprolonged her stay.

Some of Thanet's hotels will not be available this year. Some at present shut will reopen at Whitsun, but one of her very best and her smallest is still open and ready to welcome you at Thanet's most selective corner, Westgate-on-Sea.

Margate and Cliftonville are so predominant in one's thoughts of Thanet that many are not aware of the fact that at Westgate, Birchington and Minnis Bay there is a complete absence of those garish attractions which draw the crowds to resorts who cater for such.

Westgate-on-Sea is about as tranquil as Frinton, Burnham and Grange-over-Sands. She is neat and colourful with her white chalk cliffs and her broad greensward. Here houses and hotels are mostly of red brick with white painted balconies, and Thanet's best and smallest hotel has a de luxe turret room.

West Bay Lodge ranks high in my ladder of good hotels, for its goodness is so concentrated. There are only twelve bedrooms, but each is the best of its kind; big bay windows, piping hot water, electric light switches and lights in just the right place, and beds which make an early departure almost impossible. There is much character about the house itself. White-panelled walls, intriguing alcoves, chairs and sofas—always flowers about. Meals simple but perfect. A tennis court and a games room for holidaymakers, and plenty of books if one wants just to relax.

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J. B., Folkestone.—I think you and your father would find the Crest Hotel, Crowborough, the most suitable for your requirements. Though they have only dancing at Christmas and Easter there is a good hard tennis court and a useful games room. It is excellent walking country, and in five minutes one can be in Ashdown Forest.

W. G., Chislehurst.—The Canford Cliffs Hotel does not figure in the A.A. book because it is in a distinctive category of its own. The essential note is a quality one combined with quietude. Not only is it in a class by itself but in its position overlooking Bournemouth and Studland Bays it stands alone.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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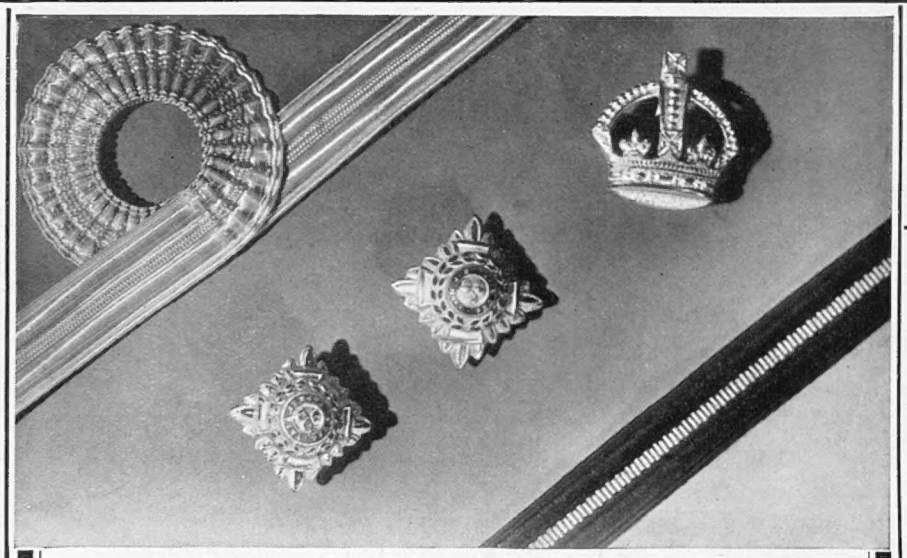

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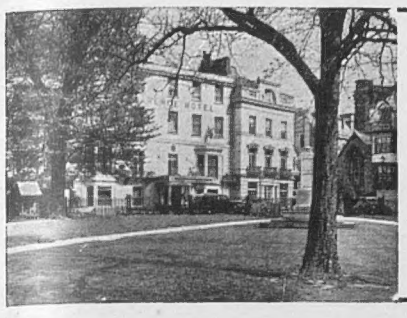

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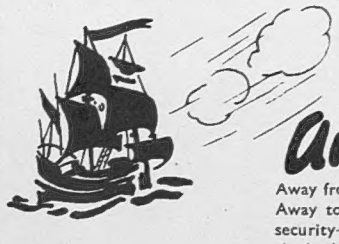

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